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The End of an English Era, by Wallace Notestein, on page 862

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Books as Gold Bricks

THE *Publishers' Weekly* has recently printed an article upon the merchandizing of books which throws floods of light upon the perplexing problem of how to distribute books in America;—or at least in California, for it was upon how to sell books in California that the author, an "advertising counsellor," lifted his lyric cry. We have, it appears, been upon the wrong track in bookselling. The motives to which author, publisher, and retailer must appeal are not, as had been supposed, curiosity, interest, the desire to be informed, or to be lifted from the tedium of routine experience, but fear and vanity. The way to distribute books is to go after the people who do not want to read, and frighten or trick them into reading. Mr. and Mrs. must be taught to shudder at the very thought of discovery in their living room without a book (any book) on the table. They must be told by interior decorators that a room without a book *motif* in the wall is not stylish,—that a guest room without a reading lamp and some books under it is as degrading socially as a front hall with a cuspidor. The fear of not being a reader, says this Western psychologist, will sell more books than the love of reading. It is the halitosis method of bookselling.

The other way to make the non-readers read is to tickle their vanity. Los Angelians, he says, will do anything their heroes do, even such unpleasant things as reading. "If the President of the Ebell club recommended 'America's Way Out' half the club women of Los Angeles would immediately read it, even if they couldn't understand half what they read. If Charlie Farrell or Lew Ayres endorsed 'Three Pairs of Silk Stockings' three-fourths of the flappers in Hollywood would immediately purchase the book." Get rid of the critics and the professors; let the president of the Consolidated Packing Co. testify that Will Durant is a good philosopher and Willa Cather a good novelist, and watch the clerks and typists and minor executives form queues at the bookshops. Handle books as scented soaps, quick shaving razors, and chic food products are handled, with the slogan, "Buy and be civilized."!

* * *

This article, of course, is just another instance of the ridiculous system of overproduction and forced consumption which leads sane men to sit up at nights thinking of new ways to make people buy what they do not need and cannot use when they get. But even if we let the economic system stew in its own juice, as it is evidently doing just now, even if we accept the forced distribution of products by high pressure advertising as a necessary evil, still this article is palpable nonsense. You can sell soap to everyone because everyone can wash, but books that are books, books such as the author cites, which are not fly-by-night detective stories, or soap bubble romances, or whipped up obscenity, are quite certainly readable only by people who bring an intelligent curiosity with them, who are readers, not non-readers. In the best sense good books are democratic, for there are absolutely no barriers except native intelligence to their reading, but they cannot be forced *en masse* upon a democracy of non-readers, except by some such religious fanaticism as made the whole Western world readers of one book—and even for that one must have a Bible! Hence these cigarette and cosmetic methods when carried beyond the marginal region where the weakness of even civilized mankind has often to be played upon, make the whole project self-defeating. Granted that ten thousand Los Angeles matrons can be made to buy a strip of booking to adorn their living rooms, would the pleasing color scheme ever be marred by the intrusion of a new—perhaps a red or a purple—book? And if three-fourths of the Hollywood flappers should be persuaded by the indorsements of moviedom to buy "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings" and found that they were expected to read a grim tragedy, would they be fooled again into paying good money for something which the author of this article, we hope libelously, clearly believes that they never under normal circumstances could possibly want? We must trick non readers into reading, says the author. He should remember that a dog will bite into a rubber biscuit—but only once.

On All Poets

(*Evoked by reading St. Theresa's Autobiography*)

By VIRGINIA MOORE

ARE not all poets pierced in the side by light?
Stabbed by the length of a terrible instant sword?
Riven like trees by lightning? Tossed and gored
On horns of too much bliss and wonder and fright,
They come up dazed, they utter a cry, they stare,
They see a burning figure stand on air,
They hear a voice, they shudder; now their limbs
Are loosened altogether and they sweat
As bright a dew as grass when day has set.
And when the vision, going mortal, dims,
Then more than ever do the poets believe,
Their purpose fixed, like eyes of people who grieve.

This Week

"The Academy for Souls."
Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP.

"Basic English."
Reviewed by S. A. LEONARD.

"The Life and Times of Lydia Pinkham."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"Noguchi."
Reviewed by FREDERICK P. GAY, M.D.

"Adventures in Genius."
Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON.

"Schliemann."
Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER.

"The Square Circle."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

Letter Home.
By RUTH LAMBERT JONES.

Trade Winds.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Law and Literature."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

Next Week, or Later

The First of a Series of Charades, by Le Baron R. Briggs.

A Super-Scientist from Mars

By F. S. C. NORTHROP
Yale University

IT has become the fashion recently to disparage the ideas which are the fruit of traditional modern science. Mr. Cosgrave joins the contemporary crowd in his "The Academy for Souls."*

The volume purports to be an attack upon the physical and mechanical conceptions of science by means of an appeal to more advanced scientific ideas. The argument is woven through an unnecessarily voluminous conversation between an inhabitant of earth of our own time, and an invisible visitor from Mars, who has arrived by means of the super-radio transmission, of which the more perfect science on that planet has made him aware.

He is shocked by the backward state of scientific knowledge here on the earth today. Nevertheless he understands it, since such a condition once existed on Mars. However, the Martians escaped from the stupidities of Newton and Darwin and Einstein, because a great engineer arose in one of their meetings of the Association for the Advancement of Science to reveal more advanced ideas and point out the error of their ways. He was, of course, ridiculed, but his new ideas appealed to the "notable industrialists" of the time, with the result that they led a "revolt" against the backward conceptions of the traditional scientists, and brought the Martians into a new scientific era.

Does not this entrance of the grand business man strike one as a slightly false note? All that we know of the development of science during its twenty-odd centuries of history indicates that important advances have been made from within by experts in experimental, mathematical, and theoretical technique and not by engineers supported by business leaders who direct crusades from without. Certainly in modern times it has become increasingly true that theory guides practice, and not the reverse. Faraday and Maxwell precede Marconi and Edison who teach the engineers.

But we must be mistaken. For the Martian exhibits an acquaintance with certain points in science which suggests that he knows whereof he speaks. In particular he emphasizes the dependence of animals on plants and then proceeds to reveal the inorganic basis of plant life and the whole biological world.

Beyond this point the argument moves toward man and a theory of his nature. Gradually the Martian's conception of science takes on form. We are advancing toward the fulfilment of the crude ideas of Newton and Darwin and Einstein which we now know. Minerals, vegetables, animals, purposeful men, super-business men who are Mahatmas, and then God. In this fashion the new science unfolds itself. And then of a sudden we find that our visitor from Mars is an old friend, indeed, a very old one. Although Mr. Cosgrave never tells us his name, we recognize him unequivocally. He is Saint Thomas Aquinas.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Cosgrave did not recognize him. Thereby an interesting chapter for this book was lost. For what could make more delightful reading than the reappearance of a great character of history by radio? And what could be more fitting, after the Pope has blessed this creation of our crude physical and mechanical age, than that one of the Saints of the Church should arrive over its waves?

Although Mr. Cosgrave does not recognize the in-

* THE ACADEMY FOR SOULS. By JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $3.50.

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visible visitor, there is no uncertainty on his part concerning the Martian's message. He suggests that the key to science and philosophy is to be found in teleology and that the business men should lead a "revolt" against science as we now have it.

Is this not a happy solution of all our scientific and philosophical difficulties? Does it not provide a pleasant prospect? Consider the business men of America outdoing Newton and Darwin and Bohr and Einstein, as they lead the science of the twentieth century into the more perfect science of the twenty-first.

But has Mr. Cosgrave asked the American business man whether he will be pleased with the fruits of his labor when he reviews them to find that the supposedly new science of the twenty-first century is the theology of the thirteenth? Mr. Cosgrave throws no light upon this question in his book.

It is because of this failure that "The Academy for Souls" misses the real issue, and is not an important contribution to the scientific and philosophical thought of our day. The point is this: In so far as the thesis outlined in this book is clear and meaningful, it is the doctrine of Saint Thomas Aquinas. This theology rests on the physics and metaphysics of Aristotle. Notwithstanding its great fertility and truthfulness when confronted with human nature, the metaphysics of Aristotle broke down at the opening of the seventeenth century before the experimental evidence that produced the physics of Galileo and Newton. With all the revolutions brought by Einstein, the inadequacy and falsity of the physics of Aristotle, and hence the theology of Thomas Aquinas, still remain. The modern world and modern science have developed a theory which escapes these inadequacies. The evidence behind it is so great that it is not to be dismissed by Mr. Cosgrave's destruction of a caricature of behavioristic psychology. Any discussion of contemporary scientific and philosophical thought must deal with the non-Aristotelian principles of traditional and contemporary science as well as with the purposeful aspects of human nature which Mr. Cosgrave emphasizes. The task of our day is to build a scientific philosophy which provides meaning for both.

What is needed is not a return to the thirteenth century but a new theory of the first principles of science which begins with the fundamental scientific conceptions of our day and develops them into a more articulate system that will provide meaning for the partial truth which the psychology of Aristotle and the theology of Saint Thomas enshrined. Mr. Cosgrave reminds us, quite properly, of the active, purposeful, conscious nature of man, which forms one part of the problem, but his vague and at times negative attitude toward the specific findings of modern science, which form the other source of the difficulty, foredoom his book to failure as a resolution of the acute issues of contemporary thought.

Basic

BASIC ENGLISH. A General Introduction with Rules and Grammar. By C. K. Ogden, London: Kegan Paul. 1930.

CARL AND ANNA. By Leonhard Frank. Translated into Basic English by L. W. Lockheart. The same.

Reviewed by S. A. Leonard*
University of Wisconsin

SEIZING the stick by the opposite end from James Joyce, for whom 500,000 English words are insufficient, Dr. Ogden has evolved by patient analysis and experiment a basic vocabulary of 850 words, and has proved this vocabulary adequate for expression of such varied types as scientific articles and a *novella*. The list itself has already appeared in the *Saturday Review*. His procedure recalls interestingly the attempt of Bishop Wilkins of the Royal Society to "establish a Real Character and a Philosophic Language" in the seventeenth century; but neither Dr. Ogden's purpose nor his method has much in common with that of the bishop. The purpose of his experiment is to provide an auxiliary language for world use, to replace the amusing but ugly caricatures, pidgin English and bêche-de-mer. His offering seems more than likely, with the head start English already has, to win handily over those inventions from Esperanto to Novial which appear to be destroying each other by internecine war. Especially for Oriental peoples with no Indo-European background such as the synthetic languages assume, Basic English appears to be particularly appropriate.

For Dr. Ogden's British-American-Scientific-International-Commercial English is shorn of most of the phonetic and grammatical irregularities which dismay foreigners who attempt the mastery of English. All the necessary grammar, including the rules for forming words by derivation, is given in nine pages of the small handbook. Its very elementary vocabulary makes irregular spellings rather a mnemonic aid than a difficulty. And yet it does not in any serious way destroy the patterns of the English sentence, or introduce grammatical simplifications—even such rational and desirable ones as reducing the *s* in the present tense of verbs or leveling *were* and *was*. The author notes that the simplification he proposes would be possible only in a language which has gone as far as English in the direction of analytical leveling, and he pays a special compliment to American English as the freer in this direction.

The amazing central pier of Dr. Ogden's structure is his dispensing with all but thirteen verbs and five auxiliaries. Verbs he describes as "symbolic devices for telescoping meaning," but he detects in them a chief cause of grammatical and phonetic difficulty. For Basic English, he admits a "looser analytic prolixity." All but the commonest words are omitted from the vocabulary if a definition can be constructed in fewer than ten words. For example, "had taken the hair off his face" is the equivalent of "shaved" in Basic English. But with the freedom of using, with the auxiliaries provided, the participial derivatives of nouns and adjectives, and of building common idiomatic phrases with the few verbs given—"put it down his throat," "put a light to the lamp," "put at a loss," and "she took the skin off the fruit"—an astonishing amount can be said. Quaint as this of course is to the user of standard English, it certainly is not without its piquancy. It is this saving in verbs which makes possible a vocabulary radically different from elementary collections like the "thousand words oftenest used". The word-store of Basic English contains terms like *latent, conscious, international, automatic, apparatus, psychology*. Approximately a fourth of it is outside the Thorndike commonest list. This, and the selection for utility in forming derivatives and for representing essential general rather than narrowly specific ideas, make possible the author's claim that his 850 words are equal in power of communication to 10,000 words of any other simplification, and that the addition of fifty terms essential to science and of fifty words for a particular science will make Basic English practicable for international writing in any scientific field. Of course really world-known words are assumed as reasonable extensions of Basic, as are proper names, mathematical and metric terms, and names of the days and months, all in their English form.

With the devices that the Orthological Institute has at hand for the purpose, it seems quite reasonable that even an Oriental can learn Basic English in from one to two months.

When one comes to examine the clever translation of Leonhard Frank's "Carl and Anna," it is clear that Basic English has unsuspected possibilities. The translation is actually effected with a little over 700 words of the received vocabulary in addition to the supplementary words its use permits. The translator notes that this means a saving of 1,300 words over the standard English translation, and that the ratio of economy for other books apparently is constant. In other words, it is not the number of different words in any one book, but the cumulative piling up of vocabulary which makes the way of the learner difficult.

The introductory description of the airplaine in "Carl and Anna" goes so smoothly that scarcely any one would be conscious of the translator's restricted vocabulary. There are other passages in the book of really poignant beauty, where extension of means could hardly produce more excellent prose.

> He was moved suddenly by a sense of the dear weight of care he had taken upon himself, and as there came to his ears the sound of a sleeping, breathing being, he became conscious of the strange quality of sleep.

In other places, as is quite natural, the translation gives the impression of treading uneasily on a tight-rope. Yet the effect is always of living, vigorous language, never of one manufactured with joints of wood and wire.

The translator does not altogether and always play fair. A single reading with occasional reference to the Basic vocabulary led to discovering six non-Basic words he has introduced without acknowledgment. The words are belt (p. 92), dream (p. 106—the translator has three pages earlier used sleep experience), become (p. 93), driver (p. 119), and theirs (p. 96, specifically noted as not necessary in "Basic English," page 64.) Furthermore, though he is permitted proper names, it seems an abuse of permission and a complete puzzlement to the learner to write *Havannas* for cigars; the vocabulary gives only cigarettes—apparently a commentary on changing *mores*. The same objection applies to *Fall* for the season, and to the use of *bed cushion*, apparently for mattress. His *be* subjunctive (p. 110), which survives only in old-fashioned formal English, and possessive plural apostrophe, especially in "some days' journey" (p. 26)—both of these forms wisely omitted from the Basic grammar—seem unfortunate survivals which might well have been avoided. Nevertheless, these are but minor cavilings. This translation stands as a beautifully adequate rendering of a beautiful story.

Basic English is here to stay. And it carries more possibilities than the provision of an auxiliary world language for commercial use and even for scientific publications. It carries many a suggestion for the progress of foreign-language teaching and even for instruction in the Mother Tongue.

* The *Saturday Review* has received word just as this article is about to go to press of the tragic death by drowning of Professor Leonard. The science of linguistics has lost in him an earnest worker, and American scholarship one of its most promising members.

The Immortal Lydia

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM. By Robert Collyer Washburn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

"REACH for a vegetable instead of a sweet." This prophetic phrase appeared in the advertising of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in 1891. It was a part of the skilful publicity campaign which in the course of fifty years converted a harmless nostrum prepared by a farmer's wife over a kitchen stove into the greatest of all patent medicines. Lydia Pinkham, dead since 1883, still smiles benevolently upon the world, offers her private advice to thousands of feeble-minded females, and sells several million dollars worth of her preparation every year.

The engaging story of this gigantic hoax is told by Mr. Washburn with an abundance, even a superabundance, of detail. Lydia Estes Pinkham was not only a real person but a personable person. Born in Lynn, Mass., on February 9, 1819, she was brought up as a Quaker and became in her youth a militant abolitionist and feminist. After she gave up schoolteaching to marry Isaac Pinkham, her life was devoted for the next few years to child-bearing, while her husband tried everything from business to farming. Eventually he plunged heavily into real estate and was broken in the financial crash of 1873. It was then that Mrs. Pinkham came to the rescue with her Vegetable Compound, an elixir of herbs and alcohol prepared according to a formula originally received by her husband in cancellation of a bad debt. Hitherto she had occasionally cooked up the mixture for her family and friends in time of illness. It was now to prove equally useful in time of poverty. One of her children suggesting that they put the Compound on the market, all of the family rallied to the support of the idea. The next five years were spent by the mother in brewing and stewing, by the three sons in peddling bottles and circulars from Boston to New York. The extracts from their corcorespondence given by Mr. Washburn are delightful. The Compound was advertised to cure "women's weakness," but young Dan Pinkham reported that while men eagerly read the circulars women tore them up if they saw anyone looking. He suggested thoughtfully that it would be well to mention a few men's diseases. His mother was nothing loth, being certain that her Compound would cure anything and everything. She continued to appeal mainly to women, however, and gradually came to regard herself as the saviour of her sex. Recognition of this rôle was achieved in 1880 with the publication of her picture. The confidence created by so matronly and respectable a countenance was overwhelming. The sales of the Compound went bounding up, and the flood of personal letters began. Mrs. Pinkham answered these herself at first; then she trained her daughter and daughter-in-law to help her; finally women clerks were employed whom, however, she taught with equal care. She was most insistent that feminine delicacy should always be respected. The word "leg" must never be mentioned. Her modesty preferred to write, for ex-

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ample, that a patient had "a purple place nearly as large as her hand . . . about eight inches above her knee on the inside of her right limb."

The Compound made the family fortunes but it did so too late to benefit greatly the original producers. Two of Mrs. Pinkham's sons had literally worked themselves to death in its behalf, Dan dying at thirty-three, and Will at twenty-eight. Mrs. Pinkham herself lived for only three years after her success. Her heirs made a genuine effort to acknowledge her decease and, tactfully, to substitute her daughter as a second saviour of the sex. But the world of women would have none of this. They insisted upon having their own Lydia. So the firm revived the old lady and mounted upon her posthumous wings to greater glory. Every attack upon the Compound merely increased its sales. Edward Bok's denunciation in the *Ladies' Home Journal* sent them soaring. Though the Food and Drug Act has shorn the plumage from the advertising until today the Compound is recommended, with unquestionable truth, merely "as a vegetable tonic in conditions for which this preparation is adapted," nevertheless the immortal physiognomy of Lydia Pinkham still goes marching on.

Mr. Washburn rightly emphasizes the significance of his heroine as one of the founders of modern personal advertising and as a contributor to the present reign of feminism. But he is too overawed by the magnificence of her achievement to do full justice to the essential comedy of her story. He wastes much space in apologia—which is much as if one should apologize for Falstaff or Bottom the weaver. There is a good deal of padding in the book. Thus a whole chapter—and a very unilluminating one—is devoted to Mrs. Eddy, simply on the grounds that she too disbelieved in doctors, was a self-advertiser and a feminist, and lived in the same town with Mrs. Pinkham. The endeavor to trail a whole period from Lydia's skirts is unsuccessful. To take her quite so seriously is to wrong the dear woman.

Personality Plus

NOGUCHI. By Gustav Eckstein. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by Frederick P. Gay, M.D.
College of Physicians and Surgeons

THIS is no official biography of one whose scientific attainments well merit this and other memorializations. It is rather an attempted transcription of a vivid, ambitious, flame-like personality who passed through some fifty years packed full of work of unbelievable intensity, short intervals of wasteful dissipation, and who attained accomplishment of a very high order. Although Oriental in birth, feeling, and continued loyalty, Hideyo Noguchi was a member of a very restricted group of the world's most eminent. His virtues, eagerness, assiduity, kindling enthusiasm, and fundamental kindliness, were evident to all who came in contact with him of whatever nationality; his frailties, not unknown among Occidentals, are understandable as due to the safety valve of an engine under unusual pressure. An engine indeed he was, "a twenty-four hour man," as a friend describes him, who knew no distinction of night from day once the fever of work was on. And work was nearly all his life. When once I chided him in the laboratory, at what was to me a late hour for work, and urged him to go home he replied. "Home? What's that? This my home."

Noguchi appeared unexpectedly one morning in a Philadelphia laboratory ready for work, on the basis of a verbal invitation, so slight as to have indicated mere politeness, with no visible means of support, and, worst of all, at that time possessed of none of the obvious scientific assets. He was crippled, apparently clumsy, disorderly, and essentially untrained in bacteriological method.

It was fortunate for him and for science that this untrained, impulsive, and erratic boy fell into the hands of a rigorous and able critic who not only gave him successively greater opportunities for work but exercised a guidance throughout the rest of his life whether he liked it or not. The patience and endless labor that made Noguchi the master technician, came, of course, essentially from within, but the biographer does too little credit to the watchful training of Simon Flexner. Far more important than Noguchi's gradually acquired technical skill was his originality of thought which, in conjunction with an indefinable charm, led Oriental and Occidental alike to believe in him, to admire him, and to grow fond of him. Much of this originality and charm Eckstein has brought before us. His great sensitiveness, his kindliness, his temperamental eagerness were well known to his colleagues. His early and naive conceit, in part a defense reaction in explaining himself to his oriental sponsors, would not have been known to his American friends, had it not been for the extensive source materials that his biographer has gleaned.

Eckstein of necessity recounts the essential steps in the advance in each scientific problem that Noguchi made, with great clarity and correctness. To one who is not a scientist it is necessary to explain that a physiologist would rarely know in so complete detail the facts or even the precise significance of the problems of another science however neighboring it may be. It is only one evidence of the scholarship and work that has gone into the making of this biography. Of far greater human interest is the exhaustive detail with which Noguchi's letters have been sought for and obtained. Of these the most revealing are those written to Noguchi's Japanese friends and masters, in particular those to the village doctor Kobashi, the first to recognize his talents, and to Chiwaki, not only an early mentor but the man whose financial backing really launched the Odyssey of this remarkable man; a backing truly courageous and far sighted in view of the frequent total irresponsibility of his protegé.

It was perhaps an advantage that Eckstein never knew Noguchi personally. He has approached the problem of a personality in an unprejudiced fashion

CONFUCIUS
Illustration from "Adventures in Genius"

and apart from the invaluable Noguchi letters to Kobayashi, Chiwaki, Madsen, and many other unlabelled recipients, he has diligently sought personal interviews and the varying impressions of all and sundry who knew his hero. Out of these he has woven a composite portrait more complete than any one of Noguchi's friends or acquaintances could possibly have arrived at. To one of Noguchi's earlier associates it seems amazingly authentic and satisfying; in no place does there appear to be any serious misinterpretation.

This book is not a mere replica of the current psychographic method of biography; it is not the forcing of an individual and often alien interpretation of supposed dominant motives, fitted to a purposely dramatized series of accepted historical events. Noguchi's quoted letters are dramatic enough both in recording his scientific successes and failures, and in his tenderer moments of sympathy.

It is difficult enough to interpret any striking individual of our own race and time. But here we are dealing with an Oriental and he seems somehow not only sympathetic but understandable. The biographer has obviously saturated himself with the East. This is exemplified not simply by the offhand use of unaccustomed words and phrases, and by reference to detailed surroundings and customs, but also by the adopting of a form of expression that is appealingly reminiscent. The staccato style that Eckstein employs, although at first incoherent and rhetorically annoying, becomes gradually persuasive in creating an atmosphere at once Oriental and peculiarly fitted as a setting for his dynamic, childlike, and fascinating protagonist.

A Baedeker to Genius

ADVENTURES IN GENIUS. By Will Durant. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by Arthur Colton

MR. DURANT is one of the most successful of our modern popularizers. The word is repellent to my esthetic ear, but there seems to be no other. The thing itself is repellent to many scholarly minds that are hampered by scholasticism. Mr. Wells popularizes science, Mr. Van Loon history, Mr. Durant philosophy. The public and educational values of bringing vast masses of people into touch with both old and up-to-date knowledge (not in the shape of dead information tabulated, but in vigorous, vivacious narrative, earnest if not emotional), these public and educational values are no small matter. If we are prepared to deny that they are values, that is another story, an unfinished one whose plot is conjectural. At any rate we can say that the extent of the success is a phenomenon, and how it is achieved of no small interest.

"Adventures in Genius" is not a planned book, but a collection of papers, not all of which come under the title. Part I is a rapid commentary on ten "greatest" thinkers and ten "greatest" poets, and a list of one hundred best books for an education. The author advises the experienced student to pass by Part I as merely popular and pedagogical. But I am thinking of all Mr. Durant's writings as popular and pedagogical in their values, and would advise the experienced student of the great social phenomenon called publicity to take particular note of these swift summings up and commentaries. Any such student could draw up a good enough list of one hundred good books. There are probably a hundred such lists in print. But not everyone could fly over wide fields of knowledge and give to his aerial observations an interest, a substantial body, and a flowing sequence. It is a special gift.

Part II consists of three adventures in contemporary philosophy, on Spengler, Keyserling, and Bertrand Russell; and three adventures in literature, on Flaubert, Anatole France, and John Cowper Powys. Recovering from the surprise at finding Mr. Powys at ease in this ultra-distinguished society of indubitable genius, the experienced student aforesaid may note a second explanation of Mr. Durant's success, namely his enthusiasm, his gusto. Like that of Professor William Lyon Phelps, it may be naive, but it is winning. The gusto parts of his Spengler and Keyserling are perhaps too wordy and windy for the discriminating to enjoy, and it is not until Mr. Durant begins to state his critical doubts that the critical doubts of the critical reader find relief.

* * *

Especially in the essay on Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals" it appears that Mr. Durant can be well balanced, compact, and more or less penetrative. "Mr. Russell," he remarks, "understates the positions which he refutes." That is one of those familiar features of controversy so familiar as to be taken for granted. But when note is taken of it, quietly and compactly, it is an effective counter, even if it sounds commonplace. Understating the other side may be good tactics or bad, but at any rate it gives a perilous advantage to an alert opponent. "I feel, in the midst of his disarming courtesy," Mr. Durant continues, "not only that a much stronger case can be made for the Victorian attitude, but that a moderate case can be made against any precipitate following of our reasoning at all in the field of sexual and social experiment." The case for the Victorian attitude is then well and reasonably made. It is not overstated, or in a controversial manner. It leaves that impression of something level headed and fair, which Mr. Russell had neglected to provide.

On this insecurity of reason as a guide in such matters, Mr. Durant goes on: "Logic has a way of being simpler than life. Our sexual institutions, like our muscular coördinations, are the product of subtle instincts and long racial experience." It is odd to be banking lavishly on the infallibility of thought at the very time when Freud has exposed the menial subservience of thought to sexual desire—"Every individual who takes morality and society apart to remake them nearer to his dreams is like an amateur mechanic overhauling the motor of an expensive car." We are in for experiment. There are changes at hand, some inevitable, some no doubt for the better. But "under these feasible terms of marriage and divorce I see no reason for legitimizing adultery. Fidelity is unnatural, but so is courtesy"; such courtesy,

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for instance as Mr. Russell's. "Civilization would be impossible if behavior were natural—For my part, I would surrender all the delights of change, all the varieties and follies and scandals and beauties of Broadway, for an old-fashioned loyalty and an old-fashioned home. But I would not wish to elevate my tastes into morals, or to enact my prejudices into laws."

Now, if the experienced student, the critical or sophisticated reader, finds all this an ancient tale too often repeated to be interesting, he can criticize his own objections by asking whether it is not accurately addressed to a class so much more numerous than his own as to be probably in the long run more important. Of ten men in middle life and with a certain inclination to be thoughtful, would not nine of them think Mr. Durant in the right? Is it not, then, admirable tactics against an abler man, more brilliant, more profound, than himself, to confront him squarely with average common sense and customary feeling—those ancient "battlements that on their restless front bear stars?" The light artillery of an individual patters against them and looks foolish. For the moment at least, the more brilliant the more futile.

From the standpoint of literature and an experienced intellectual life, Mr. Durant's sins are many and evident. Through most of the essays on Spengler and Keyserling they stare one somewhat exasperatingly in the face. One grows impatient of the loose exuberance, of violent and tottering assertion. But when he opens the separate compartment in which he keeps his doubts, he seems to become, if not profound, at least for the most part, reasonable. One begins to see why multitudes have taken pleasure in reading him, and to suspect that they have taken benefit. These multitudes are of such as do not expect to think very deeply, but would like to think reasonably, and to think that they think with candor. Mr. Durant carries them as far as they can comfortably go. You cannot travel the real frontiers without dust and toil. There are no charabancs there, and American Express Company checks are no good. But for regions that are settled and ordered there are Baedekers provided, and it is also good to travel with a companion who is naturally enthusiastic, and, on due occasions, cool headed and reasonable.

An Inspired Dilettante

SCHLIEMANN. The Story of a Gold-Seeker. By EMIL LUDWIG. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

IN these days when archaeology keeps breaking into the headlines, it is most appropriate to have a biography of the greatest headliner of them all. Heinrich Schliemann was a man so remarkable that there is no one with whom to compare him. His inexhaustible energy; his restless ambition; his excesses of sentiment and anger and caution following one another with bewildering swiftness; his magnificent faith in himself; his financial genius; his fifteen or twenty languages—one knows not where to look for his like. Being the most methodical of men he left behind him a mass of documents which might well stagger the most patient and laborious of biographers and which has supplied almost all of the present book. Mr. Ludwig has made no attempt to exhaust the material but has drawn from it sufficient specimens to give a brilliant picture of the man's extraordinary career. Some later scholar may perhaps work over the papers again, possibly publishing all the letters or those journals in which the much travelled man made such careful and thorough records of the commerce and society of the countries through which he passed. One would like to see his account of the Far East in the days when tourists were still a rarity or to read the entire correspondence between him and Gladstone.

But such things can wait. For the present it is sufficient to have this story of the poor parson's son who made himself a man of wealth and then spent his wealth in the chivalrous attempt to prove that Homer was a great historian. Probably a great many people who remember that Schliemann was the first to excavate Troy are quite unfamiliar with the astonishing mercantile career which preceded his excavations. Life in Germany offering him very little, he took ship for America. Wrecked on the Dutch coast, he began immediately to win a place for himself in that nation of merchants until, attracted by the great possibilities of the Russian trade, he learned Russian in an incredibly short space of time and proceeded to establish himself in that country and there accumulated a fortune, with lesser episodes such as trips to America and all about the continent of Europe.

It was a mixture of sentiment and ambition that made him the most conspicuous excavator of his time. Against the opinion of most of the experts he insisted that Troy was at Hissarlik and, digging there, he found not only the walls and streets of a succession of cities that had stood on that spot, but the famous treasure of gold which he instantly assumed to have been Priam's. The experts were affronted. Here was a man with no scientific training who had the audacity to find things which ought not to have been there. There was a great storm of controversy and theories flew like hail. Still, the gold was an undeniable fact and, when he repeated his performance, and found gold at Mycenæ too the experts were in an inferior position and knew it. He made mistakes—important mistakes. The gold of Troy, as we now know, had nothing to do with Priam nor was it the corpse of Agamemnon that he found at Mycenæ (he himself became convinced of this and, with a slightly pathetic humor, came to speak of the dethroned cadaver as "Schulze"). But he had the great virtues of faith and preserverance, and his mistakes were more creditable to him than was the erroneous caution of some of his critics to them. It is a good story for archæologists to read, for the profession owes an immense debt to the reckless enthusiasm of this preposterous dilletante. Much was contributed by Virchow and, later, by Dorpfeld; much more by Sophia Schliemann, the Greek girl whom he married at the beginning of his archæological career; but the great contribution was that of Schliemann himself.

It cannot be said that Mr. Ludwig has added much to the account. His comments and reflections are likely to be trivial and are certainly not essential. It is a question how much he knows about Homer and, even allowing for extreme typographical errors, it is hard to believe that he knows anything at all about the house of Atreus. It matters very little. The letters and journals tell their own story and the very haste which is apparent throughout the book is appropriate enough to the temperament of the hero. Later scholars may make a more judicious use of the gold, but the present volume shows us that the gold is there.

Tiverton Square

THE SQUARE CIRCLE. By DENIS MACKAIL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THERE is a heaped up, extra, thrown in for good measure quality about this book by Denis Mackail. He seems never to tell even half of what he might about his people and his houses. In a day when so many novels are stripped down to their very modern gears, it seems tremendously good luck for readers who actually enjoy reading a book, rather than just finishing it, to come across so browsable a volume. And there is more to it than just the author's knowing a great deal about his people that he does not tell; anyone who meets them is bound to go on, too, beyond the covers of the book and speculate on what life brought them, or took from them, after page 378.

The scene of "The Square Circle" is a small one: Tiverton Square in London, a diminutive, sooty, green park surrounded by respectable houses; but before one has done with the book, that scene has become a much peopled world revolving slowly before a pleasantly unprejudiced eye. A lack of prejudice, however, does not mean a lack of affection. Mr. Mackail likes his characters just as Trollope liked his, and although the contemporary author does not express his sympathy for the misfortunes of his creations in the forthright manner of the chronicler of Barsetshire, it is quite apparent that it is a matter of style and not feeling that prevents. That is the sort of people they are, the inhabitants of Tiverton Square, not problems, not protagonists, just people young and old, muddling along according to their dim lights, and inescapably likable.

As the Square bounds the place of the story, so one year, from summer vacation to summer vacation, bounds the time. During the middle of September the houses around the Square begin to wake up after the lethargy of their summer emptiness. Shutters come down, blinds go up, there are great cleanings within and arrivals without. The Bristows drive up in Iphigenia loaded down with suitcases. Mrs. Bristow and little George are not going to be so important, but Mr. Bristow and Angus, his Scottie, are in for a difficult and melancholy time connected with the young Miss Carpenter across the Square and romantic middle age. The story of these three might stand, very complete, very restrained, quite by itself as an Indian summer futility, nostalgic and inevitable.

In a few days that queer couple, the Davidsons, return to their queer house on Tiverton Mews. Telephone calls and parties make up all the visible life of these night club habitués. Do they go on living when they are not visible, or do they, possibly, just cease to exist when not illumined by festivity? At any rate, it is at a shrill Davidson cocktail gathering that Veronica Norton from the Square meets the young man with whom her happy love must run its unhappy course.

For the very first time in all fiction perhaps the whole horrid truth about a children's party is told. Mr. Mackail admits frankly that any slight lack in refreshment or entertainment will not be passed over lightly by the calculating little ogre-guests who "know what's what and are troubled by neither mercy nor weakness." The Ashtons of the Square give a children's party in January, and no single miserable contretemps is evaded by the recorder. The grimness of this gayety defies a kindly smile; only laughter or tears can do it justice. Beware children, beware adults in a party mood!

Then there is the somewhat mysterious house at No. Seven where Mrs. Gillingham lives, where Sir Hubert Liveright, Captain Brian Wheeler, and Mr. Aaronson call in immediate and dubious succession. Sir Hubert is really rather out of it all, and Mrs. Gillingham and Captain Wheeler are birds of a feather, but for Mr. Aaronson, a conventional, past middle-aged solicitor, No. Seven and its connotations stand for something most disturbingly important—"But for this," he thinks, "I believe I could be perfectly happy." And then, "Without this," he thinks, "I doubt if I'd go on living."

These few personal mentions merely scratch the surface of "The Square Circle." It is really an omnibus book of lives caught from the angle of a certain year.

Letter Home

YOURS shall not be the leather,
The lace, the tortoise shell,
Which any Avenue merchant
Can offer you as well.
The box that I shall bring you
Is tiny, pudgy, round,
Carved out of fragrant lemon peel,
And on its lid is found
A plump heart, coffee-colored,
Pierced by an arrow through
And squatting on a griddle.
A scalloped ring of blue
Frames saffron sky behind it
And bright green grass below
Cut into tipsy triangles.
By such signs you may know
That the casual possession
Of eight centesimi
Permits me to present you
With Sicily.

RUTH LAMBERT JONES.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Bowling Green

Trade Winds

IN my self-imposed function of acting as Eckermann for Old Quercus as Goethe, I went round to inquire how he had survived the rigors of the Booksellers' Convention in Philadelphia. I found him reposing himself with an advance copy of *Albert Grope* by F. O. Mann, a novel of an oldfashioned second-hand bookseller in South London, which is to be published here presently by Harcourt. "Sound, leisurely, agreeable reading," he remarked. "Admirably sedative and as rich as a tawny old port-wine. I take it 40 or 50 pages at a time as a febrifuge, as I used to take De Morgan."

"I'm afraid I didn't really see very much of the Convention," he said in answer to my question. "As a matter of fact I was there on a different errand; to attend a meeting of the Philobiblon Club, that eminent gathering of learned collectors and amateurs presided over by Dr. Rosenbach and Mr. John Ashhurst the distinguished Philadelphia librarian. That, and calling on a few colleagues in the trade, and the verification of some obscure points of collation, occupied my time. But as I was staying in the same hotel with a number of the visiting booksellers and publishers I obtained some lively impressions of the caucus. One of their sessions was an Authors' Night at the grand old Academy of Music. In front of a stage-setting made of a jolly old back-drop and wings from *Madame Sans-Gene* and *The Daughter of the Regiment* (plays you are too young to remember) they had placed a Harmonica Band. It is a large orchestra of young men who play mouth-organs with surprising virtuosity and persistence. I mention it because, to my great pleasure, the Booksellers' Convention was more of a Harmonica Band than I had expected. In spite of various matters of doubt and controversy, that were in the air, I gathered that the sessions were harmonious and hopeful. There was a general feeling of pulling together. The publishers exerted themselves nobly to entertain their bookseller clients. Indeed I know of one Western publisher who works so hard at the job of keeping the booksellers happy on these occasions that he has to sleep on the tiled floor of the hotel bathroom, the only way he can cool off his feverish agitation."

"It is very little realized," I agreed, "what the publishers go through during this annual convulsion."

"At any trade convention, everyone goes through a great deal," said Quercus. "But it is well worth while. Everyone is shaken out of his complacency. The retailers get a taste of the manufacturer's blood, but when they are about to spring upon him they find he has escaped, leaving them with a little bag of gift-souvenirs. Both factions go home with jocund memories, like each other better and work harder than ever. The only people whose sufferings are really acute are the authors who are haled in to speak at gala meetings. I wish you could have seen them lurking anxiously in the wings of the Academy of Music, their bright embittered eyes gazing at the chairman and wondering what he was going to say next. And so, evidently, was he. I went backstage at the Academy, to renew my memories of that historic old playhouse, and I thought with some sympathy of that chairman as I saw him hemmed in between the audience, the speakers, and the Harmonica Band."

I have been familiar with such situations, and I begged Quercus not to describe it in detail.

* * *

"There are two things I always do as soon as I get to Philly," continued Mr. Quercus. "First, I call for a Cinnamon Bun, the only kind of agglutinated pasty which excels my native Danish sweetmeats. But my publisher companion, whom I always allow to do the ordering and sign the checks, is not himself of Philadelphia lineage, and he misunderstood. He thought I meant Cinnamon Toast. When the Room Service waiter seemed doubtful, my resourceful associate insisted. Just take a can of cinnamon and sprinkle it on some buttered toast, he said. But it was a double misunderstanding. While I was protesting that that was not what I meant, the waiter—a Philadelphia Armenian—believed it was *salmon* that was being ordered. Consequently instead of a cinnamon bun what I drew was canned salmon on toast. We gave it to some hungry book reviewers who happened in at that moment.—The second step in Philadelphia is always to call up Tom Daly, Philadelphia's poet laureate; the Titus Oates of the Quaker Oats city as he was once described. Tom Daly (of the *Bulletin*) and his old friend Jimmy Craven (of the *Record*) breakfasted with us the next morning, and we then had cinnamon buns that were worthy of the old tradition. Another thing which, they tell me, was done in Philadelphia's best vein was Miss Agnes Repplier's witty and beautifully austere speech at the annual banquet.

"Every convention, I suppose, passes through the same phases. The executive or steering committee or whatever they call it goes through its preliminary and strictly private agitations in planning how many of the controversial topics are to be admitted to the agenda. The first two days are full of business meetings and probably something more than was intended gets into public print. Then comes a pleasant lull. In comfortable rooms along hotel corridors little groups gather, there is a constant succession of waiters carrying trays of ice and ginger ale and mineral waters, there is a thick haze of cigarette smoke and plenty of trade gossip. Publishers, booksellers, and an occasional reviewer or author sit comfortably in their shirt-sleeves and chew the rag. Much of the palaver turns upon the personal foibles of the brethren, but also some important trade ideas are born in those casual moments. It is all very well to say (as cynics frequently do) that conventions are wasted time, but I don't agree. They give everyone a chance to blow off a few bubbles, and they certainly help the hotel business which is probably in a much more parlous state than the book trade. Even if the little group concludes with some innocent sport like tossing cards into a paper-basket from six feet distance, or singing songs at Reuben's delicatessen, it is good human pastime. I wonder what the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia would have thought if it had been prophesied to her twenty years ago that she would some day be in a hotel in Philadelphia playing parlor-games with American booksellers. That sort of thing teaches us not to be dogmatic about living. Incidentally, Philadelphia publishers seem to be better singers than the New York crew. I was told that Mr. Jack Fraser of the Winston Company and Mr. Macrae of the Macrae-Smith Company were voted the best chanticleers of the assembly.

* * *

I took it for granted that Old Quercus had paid his respects at Leary's famous second-hand bookstore, but he confessed that he got there too late; the store had just closed for the day. "The most amusing thing I saw," he said, "was a friend of ours who was speaking impromptu at the Philobiblon Club. Casting around in his mind for ideas, he unconsciously took his pipe out of his pocket and began smelling it, a bad habit of his; but in his anxiety he sniffed too deep, and inhaled a strong dusty nosefull of tobacco ashes, which made speech of any kind quite impossible for a moment. My most thrilling adventure was seeing, at Dr. Rosenbach's, some of those heartbreaking letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne. With them Dr. Rosenbach keeps the original MS of Oscar Wilde's sonnet about them—'These are the letters that Endymion wrote.' And I also saw the original script of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, of Joyce's *Ulysses*, and Hawthorne's one copy of *Moby Dick*. That is why the book business can never be standardized, and all our bickerings about the details of trading can never be more than part of the story. For we deal in a merchandise that cannot be reckoned in merely uniform units. Every now and then some Keats or Conrad or Joyce or Melville will come along and create values and prices beyond regulation. Generally speaking I find that a bookshop that has in it a few people who are really enthusiastic about books and take the trouble to read them and let people know about them, can always do some business. So in my own shop I don't waste too much time in tweaking publishers' tails, but I try to hire clerks who really get steamed up about what they read. Too many of our bookstores specialize in selling just the books that are easy to sell, the current titles of popular approval. Take one example. When a customer buys from me a book by H. M. Tomlinson, I always try to sell him Thoreau too, for Thoreau was the man who created Tomlinson. Attempts to put the book business on a sound merchandizing basis are often helpful, but underneath all that will always remain the personal and sentimental factor.

"And now you must excuse me," he concluded. "I'm going out to buy myself a ticket for the Players' Club revival of Congreve's *The Way of the World*. Don't miss it."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Law and the Humanities

LAW AND LITERATURE AND OTHER ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

JUDGE CARDOZO is of a type oftener found in England than in America, a man of law who is also a man of letters, and who carries into or derives from his work as jurist a mellow sense of the importance of the humanities. Nor has he that slight air of apology for legal ethic and practice which we so often note in lawyers. The dignity of his profession is for him without challenge; he appears as celebrant rather than apologist. But in substance the seven addresses here reprinted are a remarkable exhibit for the affirmative. If the law can breed such a man as this, we waste time bemoaning its failure and shortcomings.

In his opening essay he challenges the assumption that "a judicial decision has no business to be literature." Style, he believes, is a constituent of the highest legal expression: "The strength that is born of form and the feebleness that is born of lack of form are in truth qualities of the substance." Clearness, luminosity, he says, is the great thing, and this depends on excellence of style. He is speaking of the public utterances of judge and counsel. We should have liked to have his opinion of the complex and antiquated jargon still employed in legal documents. Is there no hope ever of clearing away this rubbish? The second paper, "A Ministry of Justice," is a plea for the establishment of a tribunal to help reconcile law and justice, and especially to unify the efforts of courts and legislature. Now they work apart and often on conflict, the judiciary doing its best with an outworn and fallible code, the legislature ignorantly or hurriedly patching the fabric, and often doing more harm than good. His discussion of this difficult theme is a high test of Judge Cardozo's magnanimity and amenity.

Another chapter deals with the relations and analogies between law and medicine: "The law, like medicine, has its record of blunders and blindness and superstitions and even cruelties. Like medicine, however, it has never lacked the impulse of a great hope, the vision of a great ideal. Sometimes secreted in ancient forms and ceremonies one finds the inner life and meaning of an institution revealed in all its essence." The other papers are reprinted addresses given before members of his own profession on various occasions. "The Game of the Law" was spoken to the members of a Law School graduating class. Its main idea is that his hearers must realize they are not finishing something, but beginning something:

> If you bear in mind the truth that this is only the commencement, that troubles are only beginning, and if you act upon that faith, behold, by some subtle necromancy, the pain that you foresee shall be transmuted into joy. The troubles will emerge as triumphs; the travail and the doubt will yield an unexpected peace; the great truth will have been learned that the quest is greater than what is sought, the effort finer than the prize, or, rather, that the effort *is* the prize—the victory cheap and hollow were it not for the rigor of the game.

Groping for an analogy, I find myself thinking of this as a sort of "book of devotion" for servants of the law, by which their faith may be refreshed and their sense of vocation more firmly established.

Prométhée, Quarterly Western Review, is to appear shortly in French at Lausanne, Switzerland. The aim of the new international review is to gather under one cover the outstanding literary production of Western culture. The review will have absolutely no political or religious color, as the neutral location chosen for the French edition shows. The review is to be published also in the United States in an English edition, exactly like the French. Both editions will include also reproductions of Western paintings and sculptures. The patrons of the new review include, among others, Dr. Curtius and Thomas Mann, for Germany; Stefan Zweig in Austria; Aldous Huxley and Maurice Baring for England; Gide, Suarès, and Valéry for France; in the United States, Henry S. Canby, Sinclair Lewis, and Walter Lippmann.

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The End of an English Era

WHEN an American has settled down in his London hotel, has bargained for a fire and reconciled himself to the coffee of the country, he is likely to turn to the *Times*. It is not long before his eye catches the back page and the pictures of commodious country houses for sale. If his curiosity should get the better of him and he should inquire of estate agents as to what is happening, they will tell him that country houses within motor distance of London are still at a premium, but that fifty miles from Hyde Park Corner houses can be rented or bought for amazingly little. Hunting districts there are in high Leicestershire and other sporting regions where the demand for large houses is still brisk, but not elsewhere. The estate agents may even volunteer a reason for the low prices. People are not buying because no one any more is eager to become "county." To any student of English life and manners nothing could be more interesting than that. If it is true, if the "county" is really going, if the country house is ceasing to be the centre of the English rural community, what a chapter of history it will make!

One can hardly imagine a change in the inner structure of English life more significant. It is not only estate agents who have noted the decline of county, but many observers. Few people are better qualified to judge of it than the country vicar. He is oftentimes an intelligent man stuck away in some obscure parish, who can not only describe his community but can guess at the signs of the time from what he sees round him. Usually he is on the side of the county and regrets its going, but is certain of the fact. The county people—if your job of hunting manuscripts or data puts you in contact with them—will complain that no one wishes to be county any more, that the world has ceased to look to county. They will attempt no philosophical or historical interpretation of what is happening, but, like the hunting folk they are, they feel the way the wind is blowing. The newly rich man is not seeking a house in Wiltshire, it is too far away. The old custom that when you made money you bought land and settled in the country, where your grandchildren might hope to be reckoned among the Stotts of Rutlandshire, that old custom is passing.

That this change is taking place today there can be, I think, little doubt. Too many wise observers of the English scene have assured me of it. Whether county will reassert itself, whether its prestige will be restored—it is not by any means gone—and the old usage of English life return, I cannot tell. Old habit is strong in England, old precedents are more binding than commandments, but today the forces of change seem to have the upper hand and the proposed land tax will favor them.

County has been more than a usage, it has been a standard, a kind of highland of rank, above which there were peaks of nobility, and below which there were the great plains of middle class, and the swamps of low class. The highlands have been the topographical feature most characteristic of England. County belongs in the English scene as much as the moors and downs. There is in every shire a marked group of people who are lords of the manor, that is, own estates with tenantry upon them; they live in the country house next the church or at least near the village, their wives open bazaars and do deeds of kindness; their children, when home from school, play tennis with the children of the clergy and of the neighboring nobility. Their sons go to public school, possibly to Oxford or Cambridge, and enter the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, occasionally the Church, or stay on the land. The daughters may be presented and by and by they will marry the men they have known at the county hunts and the county balls. Such people are hardly distinguishable from the nobility who live in the same way. A duke would of course be a more exalted person than a squire, but his daughter might marry the squire's son. If a squire has been on the land for generations, his local prestige may be greater than that of the new nobility. A Lowther in Cumberland or a Harcourt in Oxfordshire, whose family had provided justices of peace and high sheriffs of the county for six centuries, would enjoy a position to be envied by a Lloyd Georgian or even a Victorian noble family. Like good furniture, families in good condition are enhanced in value by age. At some distant date their position may have been gained by fighting; for centuries now, however, most families have risen out of those who had made money in business and were willing to exchange some of it for a "seat" and what would sooner or later go with it, coats of arms and the visiting cards of the other landed people of the county.

For the county has been more than a rank or class; it has been a unit of social organization. It is hard to say how far back English life has been organized around the county; certainly since the sixteenth century the country gentleman and his wife have been visiting their neighbors, most of whom would be cousins in some degree; the county hunts and the county balls are more recent. Life revolved round the county and even the quarrels that fill so many pages of calf folios were of the county. I know a dear old scholar who likes to say that the whole course of the fifteenth century in England can be explained by a struggle between two families in a northern county over a ditch, a struggle that came to include the whole county and at length England. Such county quarrels may still be seen, I am told, in Tennessee and the Carolinas, and belong in the old English tradition.

THE county has had its place and service. The squire and his ally, the vicar, have been the gentlemen of the village; their manners, their voices, and their modes of behavior have set the standard for the village; they have been the quiet foes of Main Street. Conservative they have been of course, for they would fain keep their privileged position; straight-dealing they have been, within the limits of their point of view. England's old good name in the world owes much to them. If they have been suspicious of ideas and all forms of cleverness, if they have assumed to themselves nearly all the leadership as their heritage and furnished sometimes less than intelligent leadership to their communities and their country, they must be forgiven something for their wholesome, downright Englishry. Let us praise county while we can. Like Magdalen Tower it is the last enchantment of the Middle Ages. It is a left-over from feudalism, an old castle whose broken walls still seem to guard the valley and to project the landscape into the past.

The disappearance of county must not be confused with what has always been happening in English history, the decline of old families and the rise of others. If county has lasted long, the families who constitute county have been, from an historical view, ephemeral. Sheila Kaye-Smith is fond of picturing the slow decline of squires and puts on a title page the lines of Chesterton:

> We only know the last sad squires ride slowly towards the sea
> And a new people takes the land.

Chesterton might well have added that the new people would in turn, by the old rules of the game, become squires and keep county going.

"Since William rose and Harold fell," says the rhyme, "there have been earls of Arundel," but the lords of Arundel, that is the Howards, are an exception, for really since William's time the land of England has been changing hands. It was changing hands in the time of Henry VI, was changing hands with a vengeance in the time of Henry VIII. The balladmongers of the reign of James I lamented the departure of the old kindly lords and the coming in of new squires who cared little about their tenantry and were off to London. The change of squires can be seen in almost any country church in England. One need only gaze at the brasses and recumbent statues of men whose names have disappeared from the records of the locality, but whose proud carved faces tell of what they once were. Or look at it in another way and examine land ownership in our time. Take a motor trip in Gloucestershire where the natives have some warrant for their belief that God has his special dwelling place and where certainly that conservatism that seems to be akin to godliness has its home, and you will learn that the Jacobean pile on the slope is owned by Sir Philip Potter, who bought it in 1893 when he gave up his cotton business in Manchester. In the next village the castle with its long lawns terraced back towards the downs belongs to Sir John who bought it from the profits of a stocking business owned by his wife's grandfather. Sir John will show you gladly where Cromwell's cannon left marks on the walls, but when those marks were made, Sir John's forebears were herding sheep in the Yorkshire dales.

It would be a fair guess that three-fourths of the country houses in unchanging Gloucestershire are owned today by people whose families have moved into them within two generations. Save for a few notable exceptions gentility has been a thing that passes, like the other glories of the world. Gentility, said a hard-headed Elizabethan, is nothing more than wealth passed down from generation to generation, and the fewness of the generations gives point to the definition. England is crowded with the humble descendants of the great. No less an historian than Thomas Hardy has told us of the peasant girl whose ancestors were the Dorset D'Urbervilles. You can find Tess's relatives anywhere. Go visit Moreton-under-hill. There has been no Moreton in the country house these fifty years, but the postman and the man who keeps the garage are both Moretons and probably half the village has Moreton blood.

But whether yeomen and merchants won to gentry or gentry dropped back through the generations to cotters, the prestige of gentry continued; I am inclined to think that from the time of Elizabeth it has been gaining. In the west country in Tudor times large farmers and small gentlemen were not far apart and married into the other group without any fuss. In the twentieth century when a young gentlewoman in a play or novel, seeing her own family running down at the heel and realizing that she will never marry into her own class, waves her hand to the young farmer who is adding field to field and leads him to the church, the play becomes a study in adjustment. Her family accepts the situation, but she is lost to their circle. She may be the grandmother of future gentry while her brother's children may fade into small berths in borough towns or the City, but no matter, she is no longer of the county balls. It is worse than that in some books. Archibald Marshall no doubt romanticizes the gentry, but he does give away their slant upon things. When a Clinton daughter runs away to London and is about to marry the famous young explorer, a sight of his Bloomsbury surroundings and the haste of her family save the country girl from allying herself with a man of brains and distinction but who in some way wanted the air that goes with space and servants and old security.

The gentle families to be found in English literature are seldom so set off as all that. They are in the oldest books and the most modern, but they fit so easily into the hedgerows and chalkdowns of the south and into the walls and moors of the north that they are camouflaged for us. We all know Squire Western of "Tom Jones," we know his type, the hard-riding, hard-drinking John Bull, obstinate, possessive, slow-witted but shrewd; his kind has ridden the land of England a long while, perhaps since the terraces were made along the South Downs; he is so countrified, so fond of his horses and dogs, so much of the field, that we often forget that he is a gentleman in the English sense, and of the county. There are twenty Squire Westerns in Trollope, for it is in Barsetshire that county folk of the Squire Western type, yes, and of a more cultivated type, most flourish. Jane Austen can tell us of them, and especially of their wives and daughters. Who knows better than she the nice distinctions between county and other well-to-do people who may become county by and by? Galsworthy in "The Freelands" and in "The Country House" has given us pure county, and if he is hard on them, it is not from ignorance. Francis Brett Young in such a book as "The Portrait of Clare" has shown us county and the contrast to county.

If a class so rooted in the soil of England is being pulled out, if county is losing its hold, it is a change that deserves that recording which significant changes occasionally miss in their own time, and deserves as well that interpretation which is worth doing now but will be better done later. It may be remarked at once that the change, although in some respects a new one, had its first impulse a good while ago, with the Industrial Revolution. When steam and wheels first transformed the pleasant Derbyshire and Yorkshire dales into masses of factory chimneys and long ugly streets, when they turned merry England

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by Wallace Notestein

into "black England," they put the mill-owner in place of the lord of the manor. It is true of course that time and time again the mill-owner's grandson went away to set up as county in another shire. Nevertheless over much of the north of England a business world encroached upon the county organization.

The more recent change is another matter and is affecting the whole of the country. The causes for it are almost beyond enumeration, but a few may be suggested: the poverty of the county people over a period so long now that it is undermining their prestige; the desire of the younger generation to be entertained and their willingness to accept those who can provide it; the growth of suburbia which has blunted the old class lines; the loss by the country gentlemen of their political *raison d'être;* the spirit of the age which lays less stress on rank, and the influence of modern novels and of the American point of view.

Americans need hardly be told of the poverty of the county, a poverty that has been evident since the Lloyd George budget of 1911, and which has been on the increase since the war. Contrary to the general impression, the landed gentry have not for a long while been able to live on the rents of their lands. Agriculture is in a bad way, has long been so. The Government has been afraid to do anything drastic about the land lest it should hurt the country gentleman, and the result has been that the country gentleman himself has at length suffered in his rents. He has not, of course, depended upon those rents. Time was when he did, when he was above all things a landlord; but from the end of the sixteenth century, when he began investing in the East India Company, the Muscovy Company, etc. down to the present, when he owns stock in the neighboring bank and has railway shares and South American bonds, he has been a man of many forms of wealth. The value of his investment has been cut by the war; succession duties had already before the war, and income taxes have since, taken a heavy toll of both principal and income. Nothing is more difficult than for a family to accustom itself to a lowered income. Sheila Kaye-Smith pictures a situation that is very common, a family that is going to rack and ruin because they are utterly unable to adjust themselves to their reduced income.

ANYONE who has gone about England since the war can see the proof of this state of things; even the unkempt lawns tell the story. Often the family gives over the effort, takes a house in Eaton Square, and four years later changes the house for an apartment. But houses in the country are not easily rented and many families have to remain in them because they can neither rent nor sell. They are not entertaining nowadays, not at least on any considerable scale. Poverty for a few years would not weaken their position, but continued poverty that prevents their houses from being centres in the county does tend in the long run to lessen their dignity. As this happens all over England, the position of county is imperilled.

But at the same time that the gentry have, many of them, ceased to offer centres of entertainment and county life, a war-weary England has demanded more amusement. The old charades and golf-croquet are deemed slow by the "bright young people" and they are willing and glad to go where they can find the modern good times, to the very wealthy who have bought country houses in Surrey and Hertfordshire. Sir James may be a little uncertain about his aitches, but there is always something going on at his place, the tempo is fast, and the drinks of the best. A certain social tolerance, if there is money, is the new manner. Port wine has given way to cocktails.

Surrey and Hertfordshire I have mentioned as counties that are fast becoming mere parts of suburbia. Suburbia has been modifying English life now for forty years, and among other things is tending to tone down distinctions between classes. The Ann Veronicas and their ilk that figure in the pages of Wells hardly belong in the English stratification at all, but are roughly middle-class. Above them is a considerable body of London well-to-do, who have built houses in the Thames valley and along the slopes of the North Downs and the Chilterns. We must not forget the house on Robin Hill that Bossiney built for Soames Forsyte. Such families as the Forsytes had a stake in the City, and looked to London; their horses and nowadays their motors move along the road that goes to Kensington. They are too proud to bother about county, especially county that is near London and that is losing its hold; too proud and established nowadays to settle in the country. In the same way the merchants of Manchester remained Manchester, Manchester all through, and since the war, with little or no desire to be Cheshire county.

The change is, of course, in many ways much older than the war. It was the country house lot that passed a measure away back in 1888 that was destined, though they did not realize it, to weaken the influence of the county. By the County Councils Act of 1888, most of the functions of the Justices of Peace in the county were taken away from them. Since the fourteenth century the country gentlemen had been J. P.'s and in their country houses had examined criminals and bound them over to the assizes, had done many kinds of local businesses and done them well, done them without pay, and worked hard at it, perhaps two or three mornings a week. It was an honor to be a justice of the peace, it was part of *noblesse oblige* and gave the squire a vocation. In a thoughtless moment the Conservative Party took away most of his work, and, doing so, struck a blow that was bound to affect his prestige.

The spirit of the age which is inclined to be casual about titles and all that, has made the position of the gentry less overpowering. A shrewd commentator a good while ago, Walter Bagehot, noted what the modern world was doing to the aristocracy:

> They have less means of standing out than they used to have. Their power is in their theatrical exhibition of their state. But society is everywhere becoming less stately. As our great satirist has observed, "The last Duke of St. Davids used to cover the north road with his carriages; landladies and waiters bowed before him. The present Duke sneaks away from a railway station smoking a cigar in a brougham."

It may be added that the motor car and its wide prevalence have made the Duke even less conspicuous.

The preachers of this generation, that is the novelists, have had not a little to do with the change in the point of view. The young people in the country house as in the vicarage have not been cut off from the influences that were affecting their generation. Twenty to forty years ago they read George Meredith. His novels were not intended as levelling documents, but they set before the young people of that generation new types of heroines whose virtues and charms were not those of the typical gentry. Meredith emphasized pagan virtues and intellectual values; he was more seer than novelist and the world to which he looked forward did not centre in the country house. He was really a literary advance agent for the Labor Party, although he would never have claimed and has never received the credit, or blame. Unlike Meredith, Galsworthy has had a propagandist purpose against the old order, but eventually forgot the propaganda in the stories; whatever his aim, he has put before his readers country house people who are domineering, useless, and only seldom to be admired. Wells knew little of the country house, although he starts "Tono-Bungay" with a brilliant restrospect upon such a place as a curious social organism, now nearly extinct; his people have been middle-class, but they have been interesting people with ideas. It is a hard saying but one reasonably true that nothing is more destructive of the country house dominance than a world of ideas.

It is a commonplace in England nowadays to deplore the Americanization of the country. I can recall the surprise with which years ago in a Bloomsbury lunching place I listened to that fine old economic historian and thinker, George Unwin, as he railed against the adoption of the ways of my country in his. It was the first I had heard of the American peril, but today one cannot escape hearing of it. The consequences which democracy brings in its trail are easily ascribed to America. No doubt the cinema has done much to bring a certain type of America to England, but books have had their part. American novels are widely read. A whole middle-class world has been set before the English, a world not unlike that England in which their own novelists have become increasingly interested, an unattractive world in their eyes, but the fashion of what things were coming to. That American world they easily assume has one standard of rating, money; but like it or not, they see that standard prevailing. The English have always cared, quite as much, I believe, as the Americans, for money, but the open estimation of it has increased. It is a new thing, but it is becoming a common one, for Cabinet ministers and men of politcal position to forsake Westminster and go into the City, that is, to accept positions in large corporations. More and more university men, especially from Cambridge, who would have entered a profession a while ago, are looking towards business. The poverty of England has tended to give more significance to money. A bimetallic standard of rating, money and county, is being replaced by a monometallic standard, money.

What shall be said of this change? What if county should disappear, what if the long lawns, the terraces, and the peacocks should go, what if the last enchantment of the Middle Ages should be broken, what if Magdalen Tower should fall? There will be less romance in the English setting, less poetry; the shires spread below Malvern's summit will look less fair on a summer's day; even the hedgerows and walls may vanish. But those who are concerned with utility as well as beauty, and have faith that out of utility may come new beauty, those who wish to see the fields productive and to see them the heritage of those who work them, those who suspect that feudalism is unsuited to our time, may face without too much misgiving the prospect of a middle-class England.

Wallace Notestein, author of the foregoing article, is at present Sterling Professor of English History at Yale University. He is a member of the British Committee, appointed by the Prime Minister, on the House of Commons Records, and is at present in England in connection with that work. He is the author of "A History of English Witchcraft," one of the editors of "Commons Debates, 1629," and editor of Sir Simon D'Ewes's "Journal of the Long Parliament."

Americans Abroad

A VILLA IN BRITTANY. By DONALD MOFFAT. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE adventures of Americans living abroad long ago began to form a very definite contribution to the national letters, in which Mr. Donald Moffat's heartfelt chronicle of how the Motts and the Poulters rented the villa "Ha! Ça Me Plait" surely deserves a modest place. It is curious how large a proportion of this expatriate literature is humorous in character, but few books of recent seasons have been more frankly amusing than the first half of "A Villa in Brittany." Clearly it is all only too authentic, from the horrifying adventures with the *chauffage central* to the touching final incident of the *chaise percée*. Yet the best of all to anyone who has ever been to France or purposes coming to France is undoubtedly the lengthy saga recounting just how Mr. Mott obtained his driving license. The soul of France is surely laid bare in these moving lines of Mr. Mott's.

Originally planned as sketches for the *Boulevardier*, a Paris publication which attempts to replace the *New Yorker* for the American colony, there is no particular connection between the episodes of the book, nor is any necessary. To fill them out to the length necessary for publication as a complete volume, the author has included two additional pieces, neither of them equal to the first, but still well worth reading. The former is a sort of modern fable, told without moralizing. It is not very amusing nor very important. But "Incidents of the French Camps" has the right stamp and succeeds in making a joke of the not precisely new subject of the doings of soldiers on leave in Paris during the war. Altogether, Mr. Moffat seems to be a humorist of the first rank. Certainly nothing more lively has been written about Americans in Europe since Mr. Stewart's Haddocks went abroad.

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Books of Special Interest

The World Depression

THE WORLD'S ECONOMIC DILEMMA. By ERNEST MINER PATTERSON. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALTON H. HAMILTON
Yale School of Law

In spite of an affectation of aloofness, America is very much interested in international affairs. We play a part in the world, participate in world conferences, and help to take up the shock of world events. We profess national isolation, and find a scapegoat abroad for falling grain prices and growing unemployment. The very appearance of being removed from it all stimulates the larger interest. The voters in New Haven, Detroit, and Omaha are shocked at municipal government in New York and Chicago; the good people of the Empire State are aroused by the plight of textile workers in the South. The evangelist believes in foreign missions; the individual, lost in the whirl of a changing society, loves to play at making over the universe. So the good people, with one accord, are concerned with world problems as never before. There is, accordingly, a real demand for printed matter which will direct and enrich thought and discussion in the large.

The growing literature of internationalism falls just short of popular need. The writings on international law are ponderously learned and leave ordinary readers unmoved. The volumes concerned with responsibility for the war invite a looking backward; besides, unscholarly people know that the real causes of the behavior of nations in crises are not to be found in state papers. The volumes of specific studies, concerned with questions like mandates, debts, and reparations, and with trouble zones such as Palestine, India, China, and Mexico, are not for the general reader. The literature of exhortation to international comity and fellowship has the qualities of all good and indefinite advice. The lengthening list of periodicals devoted to world unity, current history, and foreign affairs, parade personalities and chronicle events, rather than present background and record tendencies. There is an abundance of material; but it gives little help to the man-at-the-wheel and the woman-in-the-club in discovering the simple what and why of world problems.

No book, of course, could meet this need for perspective; but Mr. Patterson's pages give a beginning of understanding. He keeps in mind both his reader and the world scene; he relates a multitude of little problems to the larger one of international discord. In different areas population presses quite differently upon the means of subsistence. In different countries the advance of technology turns material and human resources to very different account. In different nations business must make very different terms with established custom. Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States are linked beyond recall in a world-wide economic system—yet the conditions of welfare and distress in these countries are quite unlike. The world tends to be one; yet it is broken up by political fault-lines.

As an economist Mr. Patterson sees the world-trend and the multiple differences in terms of his own trade. But at this stage of development his trade is more concerned with the fundamentals than law, diplomacy, politics, or history. Moreover, the author is the kind of an economist who follows his subject wherever it leads without an exaggerated reverence for academic frontiers. From the book the reader will get no statement of impending questions, no justification of governments, no defense of time-honored policies. But he will discover the character of the world in which we currently live and will find out something of the elements out of which international bother is to be made in the immediate future.

In the book the dilemma of internationalism is set down as a cultural conflict. The East and the West have met; the comfortable world of handicraft has been penetrated by a revolutionary machine system; the system of modern business opposes itself to an ancient political control. It is much as if two Creators, with different designs, had taken successive turns at the same job. The one wrought the small self-contained community, gave to it customs, a way of life, and an organization, and drew lines between independent nations. The other contrived the technique of quantity production, made out of the trades of men "a concatenation of interlocking processes," and set about making the world safe for business enterprise. As a result the industrial system opposes itself to the national state; the unity it seeks to establish is broken by political frontiers; the boundaries between countries are the fault-lines along which shocks may be expected to come.

The reader will not discover from the book an escape from the world's economic dilemma. If the problem of a world in a process of transformation is not to be resolved by the application of a formula, the fault is not Mr. Patterson's. It is enough that amid the course of unintended events he has helped to make clear the source of maladjustment.

The Romantic Attitude

BEAUTY, an Interpretation of Art and the Imaginative Life. By HELEN HUSS PARKHURST. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $4.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THIS interesting and eloquent book approaches the problem from the point of view of romanticism, and if the procedure were logical, as it is not, would limit beauty to the various forms of lyrical expression.

The note is struck early. "In the art of artistic creation alone does he (man) seem to have shaken loose from the fetters of circumstance and found himself suddenly free and glorious as a divinity, under no compulsion other than his desire to behold, godlike, the unclouded reflection of his own countenance." Witness a well known creative act of the first order, Michelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel—a forced and uncongenial task, under cruel compulsions of subject, time, and pay. This sort of writing and thinking we used to indulge in in senior essays of long ago, having devoutly read our J. Addington Symonds. It is no harbinger of serious analysis.

Miss Parkhurst's own contribution to the study of the motives for artistic expression is that in art alone one finds reconciliation between the conflicts that accompany all other living—"only thereby can he achieve a reconciliation of the discordant feelings and desires within him." This, of course, comes pretty near Hegel's vision of a realm where the antinomies fuse into a transcendental harmony. Doubtless there is something of this in the experience of beauty, but as a covering and exclusive formula it fails badly. There is no reason to suppose that George F. Babbitt in his first manner suffered from internal conflicts, or that the Hon. William J. Bryan did at any time. Both were well harmonized men, albeit on an evidently sub-esthetic plane.

In a chapter on Esthetic Substance the author discusses space, time, motion, etc., as a sort of raw material of beauty. This comes only to saying that the categories of the human mind and those of artistic creation are identical. The truism hardly gains through elaboration.

Now and then there is vacillation between the notion of beauty as a subjective experience and that of beauty as an objective fact or prerequisite of an object. Miss Parkhurst has it both ways, which gives her a wide range of comment and makes her digressions entertaining, at times enlightening, but blunts the edge of her dialectic.

As an ultimate formulation she reaches the equation: art — beauty = metaphor. One may admit that much of art and beauty is comprised in well-imagined similitudes, but again with doubt as to the universality of the equation. Indeed it might be argued that the greatest art, being self-subsistent, eschews metaphor. Nothing in it needs to be propped up by anything else. A metaphor is a propping device. Or, more concretely, one might recall that according to Dante's own words the metaphor in the Divine Comedy is three deep. Does the greatness of the poem depend on that? Indeed, Miss Parkhurst's equation is too likely to be read —"the more far-fetched the metaphor, the greater the art." That way lies not Dante but Jeffers.

Inevitably Miss Parkhurst is committed to the theory of the artist who creates spontaneously without taking thought or engaging his mind or will. We also used so to describe and extol him in the outgoing 'eighties, having duly read our Whistler and Oscar Wilde, but not our Leonardo da Vinci. The whole book with its exuberant, not-to-say gushing, rhetoric evokes in a time-worn reviewer a distinct pathos of distance. But, nevertheless, it is the book of a cultured person with wide and genuine experience of the arts. It abounds in just and delicate observations, and is carried off with freshness and originality.

HUMANISM & SCIENCE

By

CASSIUS J. KEYSER

Evaluating Science and Mathematics as agencies for realizing Humanism's dream, this book is highly commended by eight very well known scientists and philosophers. While Professor E. T. Bell says: "By including science and mathematics in the so-called new Humanism, Dr. Keyser has added both salt and meat to an otherwise unappetizing dish." And The New York *Sun* redundantly damns it as stuffy, though Hensley of the great Boston Public Library recommends it for its *charming* readability.

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MEN AND FORCES OF OUR TIME

by Valeriu Marcu

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Foreign Literature

Some German Novels

DIE KATRIN WIRD SOLDAT. By ADRIENNE THOMAS. Berlin: Propyläen-Verlag. 1931.

DIE GROSSE KLUFT. By ERICH EBERMAYER. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay. 1931.

DER WIEDERGÄNGER. By LUDWIG TÜGEL. Frankfurt: Rutten und Loening. 1931.

DER WEG NACH ILOK. By WILHELM VON SCHOLZ. Berlin: Horen-Verlag. 1931.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

"DIE KATRIN WIRD SOLDAT," by an Alsatian lady named Lesser who has taken the pseudonym of Adrienne Thomas, is already a best-seller in Germany and has won golden opinions from several leading German writers, not to speak of hundreds of letters of thanks from German women and girls. The success is deserved, for the girl's side of the Great War has not been so well presented before, and the book, from its charming idyllic beginning, works up to its tragic, pitiful close with real skill. The story, which is supposed to have been left by its narrator among her papers after her death, begins in 1911, when the writer was fourteen, a schoolgirl, precocious, but naive. Her home is in Metz, and although she is of Jewish parentage, she is a loyal little Lorrainer, with a great love for her native country, and an almost equal appreciation for France and Germany. Hers is a happy schoolgirl existence, marked by a little flirtation and one serious infatuation for a much older man, which is described with much simple directness and charm. But this girlish passion is overcome, and a more promising love affair comes later, just before the war, with a student of about the girl's own age. But then comes the war. The Germans had not always been just to Lorraine; they had also despised the Jews, but the girl believes that her beloved Lorraine is threatened with invasion and devastation, and that, in any event, she must "do her bit." So, after some difficulty because of her youth, she is accepted for service at the railway canteen at Metz, and the remainder of the story is a series of pictures of the Lorraine capital under the conditions of war, with grave suspicion against many of its inhabitants, with frequent arrests for alleged espionage, with the ever-present sound of gunfire and the ever-increasing Allied air raids.

"Die Katrin Wird Soldat" is of the young generation, but "Die Grosse Kluft" is of an even younger. It is of that class of German young people to whom the war is chiefly an event in history, a dimly-remembered childish reminiscence at the most. Jurgen Ried is of this generation. At the age of eighteen he goes up to a German provincial university; he was only eight when the war ended. What should he know of all its horrors, its shattering effect on mind and body of the generation that experienced it? This is what constitutes the "grosse Kluft," the "great divide," and the other side of the abyss is typified by Jurgen's friend Tom, whom he meets at the university, studying law. Tom had had shell-shock; for many months he had been a nerve case, had suffered from loss of memory, and now he must make up for lost time by taking to his studies again. Jurgen at first resents his insistence on affection, his too-obvious emotional attachment. Then, one day, he is given a narrative of Tom's experiences—which is suggested to us rather than given entire—and he conceives a warm sympathy for the man whom he can never fully understand. One of Tom's friends suggests to Jurgen that the relationship is not so disinterested on Tom's part as it might be. Jurgen repels the idea that Tom is not pure and high-minded, but the seed of suspicion is sown, and in proportion as the poor, starved, emotional wreck from the war emphasizes his hunger for affection, the cooler does Jurgen become, until, at length, Tom's neurotic condition asserts itself once more, and he attempts suicide. He only blinds himself, but not long afterwards he dies, while Jurgen realizes the existence of the abyss too late.

"Die Grosse Kluft" is a well-told story of a psychological abnormality, and so is "Der Wiedergänger," Ludwig Tügel's very promising first novel. It is the account of a marriage of overwhelming love, of devoted passion. The husband dies, but so complete has been his union with his wife, so intense his attachment, that he returns. In the person of a friend of his he comes back; he is the "visitant" in another body. The wife is at first unconscious of all this; she is wooed and won by another man, and the "visitant" is kept at a distance. But he continues to hover round his wife; he cannot keep away from the centre of all his emotional life. It is a strange tale, well told, and the occult and the real are well commingled, for this curious psychic story is worked out in a small German provincial town whose ordinary life, in such contrast with the story of the "visitant," is excellently portrayed.

The Ilok of the title of Wilhelm von Scholz's novel is a small place on the Danube, where there is a monastery to which the hero of the story eventually comes at the end of his stormy, vehement career. The hero is St. John Capistran, the Franciscan friar of the middle of the fifteenth century, who conceived it to be his mission to stem the tide of heresy, above all the Hussite heresy, which was an expression of the unrest of that early Renaissance age. His activity is boundless; it takes place chiefly in the city of Breslau, and elsewhere in Silesia, and the picture of that region is most excellently drawn. There are terrifying accounts of the crusade against Jews and heretics which John of Capistran preached with such violence, and first-rate impressions of the ordinary bourgeois life which went on alongside of the saint's campaign. But beside the terrible struggle against Christian heretics, John of Capistran feels himself called to rouse Europe against the Turk, and at the end of a life of physical and mental struggle—in the portrayal of which perhaps too much modern psychology has been introduced—he waits in the calm of the monastery of Ilok for the result of the campaign which he had preached. The news is good; the siege of Belgrade by Mohammed's troops is raised, and the saint dies with the consciousness of having fulfilled his mission. In its background this is an excellent piece of historical fiction; students of the authoritative lives of the saint, however, may be allowed to express some doubt regarding the accuracy or completeness of the portrait of the central character.

Young Hofmannsthal

LORIS: Die Prosa des jungen Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1931.

THE late Hugo von Hofmannsthal, when some years ago he issued his Collected Works, omitted his early essays, which he wrote for various German and Austrian reviews under the name of "Loris." The name was derived, so we learn from the postscript to the present volume by Max Mell, the Austrian dramatist upon whom, more than anyone else, Hofmannsthal's mantle has fallen, from a Russian noble, and it was taken by Hofmannsthal when he first began to write. This was very early—he was publishing essays and poems when he was sixteen, and his "Tor und der Tod," it should be noted, was published when he was twenty, also under the name of "Loris." Perhaps the matured artist felt that his "journalism" of his 'teens was hardly suitable for preservation beside his purely imaginative work of the same period; at all events, except for those people who cut out and preserved the early essays, most of Hofmannsthal's writings that were published under the name of "Loris" have been unknown and forgotten.

Since the poet's death a number of isolated essays have been reprinted, and there has been a demand that a comprehensive collection should be published. This demand is now met in this volume, and it may be said at once that many of the essays not only should be welcome to students of Hofmannsthal, as throwing further light on the development of his mind and art, but are also worth reading in themselves. The account of Amiel, for example, is among the earliest of Hofmannsthal's writings, but it shows a decided critical maturity; the essay, also, on Maurice Barrès and the appreciation of Stefan George, may be read with profit. Most of the titles bear witness to Hofmannsthal's personal preferences, which influenced his art for the greater part of his life. He had a real appreciation for English and French literature, as his essays on Pater, Swinburne and Francis Vielé-Griffin show. He also wrote, in 1894, an appreciation of modern English painting — that is, the Pre-Raphaelites. Other essays are appealing echoes from the past; they are reminders of the prosperous times of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, when Vienna was the cultural centre of Central and Eastern Europe. The youthful enthusiastic essays on Eleonora Duse are worth reading from this point of view, and the review of Marie Bashkirtseff's once famous book is an interesting reminder of changing opinion and social standards.

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¶ That at 39 he had functioned as a victorious Admiral, and as the one-eyed, one-armed lover of Lady Hamilton?

Did You Know That:

¶ The great Lady Hamilton was in turn a London nursemaid, mistress of a Captain Paine, "friend" of Sir Harry Fetherstonehaugh, the tool of a notorious quack doctor, mistress of Sir Charles Greville, of Sir William Hamilton (who later married her) and finally of Nelson?

¶ That she, who was once factual Queen of Naples, died, as she was born, obscurely and in poverty?

¶ That Nelson was bitterly assailed in Parliament by the great Charles James Fox for his savage cruelty in Naples?

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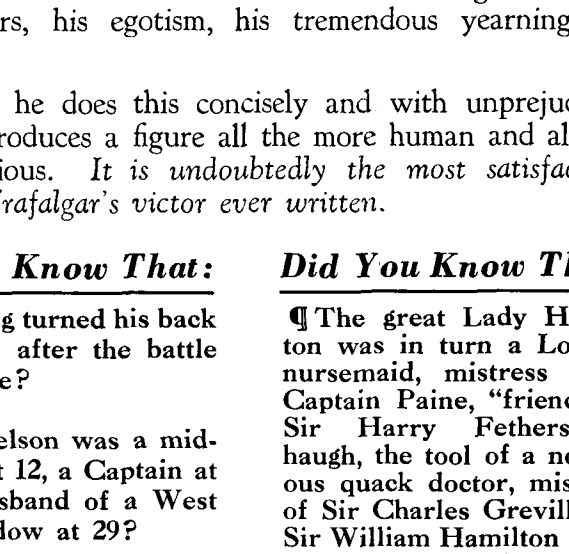

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Points of View

Positing the Deity

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have no intention of taking sides in any religious controversey; but when Dame Philosophy suffers the fate of an innocent bystander in such a quarrel, I, as her enthusiastic if inefficient servant, hasten to take my mistress's part. This lady Mr. Bernard Iddings Bell has, in a recent article, maltreated scandalously; it is on her side, not that of God or the Devil, that I am now fighting, regardless of Mr. Bell's own theme.

The contention that God's existence is known in the same way as our own existence or the existence of the world—Mr. Bell appears to mean directly intuited—is unfortunately almost sound. But we do not intuit the existence of the world at all. Neither do we perceive immediately our own existence. The one primary perception, the one fact given reason to work with rather than dependent on its operation, is, I suppose, sensation—feeling; the existence of a feeler and of a something felt must be deduced therefrom. That, in our experience, these existences are instinctively taken for granted long before the mind is capable of deliberate reason should not be allowed to disguise the fact that they are logically conclusions, not revelations. One proof of this is that both universe and self may sanely be doubted, and must be defended from doubt not as given from above or inherent in the nature of mind, but—like any other good hypothesis—as the best possible means of lending order and reason to experience. Honest egocentrics have questioned the existence of the external world for some time now; speculative minds may admit the possibility, genuine no matter how slight, that their own existence is illusory; the only datum, the one thing that it is impossible to doubt, is (as Descartes discovered) the existence of sensation itself. *Senso*, ergo *sum*.

But self and world are normal and almost necessary conclusions which, while admitting of denial in the closet, can only be granted in the field. It is impossible to exert the will at all, or even consciously to perceive, without assuming these implied existences; only thus can life be adequately explained. It should not be imagined that, because conclusions are not immediate perceptions, they are not true; they merely require proof.

If, then, God is perceived in the same way as selfhood or the material world, His existence requires proof, as these do, and must be shown as consistent with, or lending consistency to, the one unquestionable fact of sensation. In fact, however, He is not even perceived in the same way as these. Externality and individuality are necessary conclusions; much of experience would be confusing and illogical without them. This is suggested by the fact that they cannot be doubted (except verbally) by anyone engaged in the actual business of life; the egocentric concedes the existence of meat at dinner, and the denier of self must, even in speculation, realize that *he* denies. But God is not essential to a complete and rational explanation of experience, and has not the inherent validity of a conclusion without which feeling—ultimate experience—would lack a meaning. The idea of Him becomes useful only after we have introduced into the universe a number of purely human values and traits, such as good and evil or absolute causality, and is contingent for its truth on the truth of its rather arbitrary bases, as well as on the inability of some other idea—or no idea at all—adequately to account for the universe thus described.

And certainly the idea is not universal. God is sometimes one and sometimes many, sometimes flesh and sometimes spirit, sometimes limited and sometimes omnipotent, sometimes generous and sometimes cruel;—an idea so mutable is indeed hardly one idea at all, but a multitude of conflicting ones covered in careless speech by a single name. This variety definitely proves two things: first, that God is not a common human intuition, second, that He is not a common human inference from universal knowledge; for either of these, to be reliable, would have to be the same for all men. Indeed, the existence of atheism, and of such virtual atheism (in that they deny an individual and separate God) as pantheism, would also easily establish both of these contentions.

Clearly, then, the existence of God requires proof, as any idea either mutable or capable of sane denial requires it—as even fixed and necessary ideas require it when they claim absolute, not relative and merely psychological, validity. Being neither perceived like sensation nor deduced, as it were, inevitably, like individual personality; being postulated, moreover, not of the world of human perception and experience, but of a final and universally true existence;—it cannot escape the necessity of demonstration until the ground of belief is shifted from reason (which includes knowledge and its source in experience) to the confessed illogic of faith.

To such a proof, Mr. Bell's distinction between comprehension and apprehension contributes nothing but uncertainty. Mr. Bell is, indeed, unfortunate in his method of defining these two terms; he exposes them to the uncharitable interpretation that one comprehends all clear and reasonable ideas, and apprehends the rest. It appears, from the long list of examples, that one can comprehend objects, processes, and ideal relationships, but can "only apprehend" rhetorical denials of reason and insufficiently elaborated physical and psychological terms. Even before modern physics bound mass and energy together, there could not have been any real difference between two forms of understanding, one of which was applicable to matter, and the other to force. Between the understanding of physical and of intellectual phenomena, some distinction might have been drawn; but Mr. Bell assures us that comprehension applies not only to material objects, but to propositions similar in their abstraction to the mathematical. Whether, between this and apprehension, any distinction except that of relative clarity exists, I may be forgiven for doubting; Mr. Bell's list is, to say the least, certainly misleading. At any rate, a clear definition of each mode of understanding in quite unemotional and unequivocal terms, would have been more convincing—and so rhetorically more effective—than any such catalogue, however imposing its extent.

This much is clear: if the truth of any idea is logically to be established, it must be so established by the validity of our reasoning; and it is necessary for valid reasoning that we should understand our idea sufficiently to detect contradictions between it and established truths. To call the idea in question by the most honorific of names, and to insist on a vague understanding of it as the only possible or reverent one, is not to escape this necessity but to confess it by avoidence; apprehension as well as comprehension must be clear enough to reveal logical relations, if faith is not to remain a stubborn and terrified denial of reason; and if it is thus clear, the whole confusion of types is without meaning, while, if it is not, God may be trusted heartily as we trust luck or omens, but He will never, until comprehended, rise to the dignity of inspiring rational belief.

That these logical lapses are due to any lack of clarity in Mr. Bell's thought I sincerely doubt. That they in the least affect the validity of his conclusion I should be the first—on purely logical grounds—to deny, as I should deny the feeble superstition that the necessity for proof destroys the value of the idea proved. But that they vitiate his article, and undermine his debater's position toward his opponents, whether atheistic or pseudo-pietistic, I vehemently affirm—and also, despite all mystic dualism in modes of understanding, that there can be no demonstration without proof.

MILTON MILLHAUSER.

New York.

Comparative Population

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Before Mr. Morley embarks finally on sociological deductions from the *Saturday Review* subscription figures in the various states, may I remind him, with all due respect, of the significance also of comparative population figures, as well as comparative urban-rural percentages. Let me list two or three of your statements with comment:

	Comment
"Texas has four times as many subscribers as La."	Texas has nearly 3 times the pop. of La. (around 2.8)
"Texas has twice as many as Kan."	Texas has more than 3 times the pop. of Kansas.
"Texas has more than either Mo. or Iowa."	Texas has almost the population of Mo. and Iowa together.
"Texas has as many as Ariz., Colo., and New Mex."	Texas has about three times the pop. of these three states together. New Mex. and Ariz. do not total one million, Colorado barely a million.
"Calif. has as many as the whole of New Eng."	This *is* interesting. Still Calif. has the pop. of Mass. and Conn. together, almost; or of Mass., Maine, Vermont, and N. Hamp., not to mention a large "retired" pop.
"Mich. has now got ahead of Conn."	Mich. has 3 times the pop. of Conn.

My figures are only loosely approximate. I presume an economist would point out still other factors at work, a sociologist still others. Why is a state "literary?" is itself a question not easy to answer.

Your list of order of precedence of states shows chiefly California high in proportion to population, New England states high as usual in such tables, and others fairly well in order of population, except that Texas, while twelfth on your list, is now fifth in population in the United States. It is thus coming up for a southern state, partly because it is also a western state, partly because of other factors at work anywhere, educational, economic, etc.

WILSON O. CLOUGH.

University of Wyoming.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Morley, when shown our correspondent's letter, remarked that he was searching not for "the gross relativities of the census but for obscure spiritual coefficients possibly inherent in geography and climate."*)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE BALCONINNY. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Priestley's essays are only moderately interesting. The light essayist in the Addison and Lamb tradition depends almost wholly on his personality. Wit or style are nearly the whole thing, or something in the way of unexpected or suggestive ideas. A certain happy flightiness is the usual thing. Or, if it moves in the smooth Addisonian manner, it has charm of some kind, or significance of some kind. There are so many essayists, English and American, who have more of one thing or another. If one responds with any enthusiasm to any appeal herein, it is not by persuasion but because Mr. Priestley has happened to touch with acceptable humor on some liking or disliking common to himself and his reader. For instance, the essay "Careless at Last," describes his happiness at no longer possessing an automobile.

It is not so much that garages swallow all the spare cash. This bulks large in Mr. Priestley's consideration; yet it seems to the reviewer an important but minor element. The major one is the not having one's hand full of its damnable dialect, and one's days desolated by its anxieties and perturbations. Good roads and bad roads are no longer a barren difference of surface. Traffic regulations no more outweigh the law and the prophets. Gears, spark plugs, burst tires, all the total depravities known to inanimate objects and latent if not active in every average car, have passed away like a bad dream. The conversation of the absolute automobilist is as thin and pedantic as that of the absolute golfer. If you prick him he bleeds gasoline and weeps oil. From all that degeneration you have escaped. The machine was fast reducing your nature to a mechanism, and the peril is past. Once more you can walk and contemplate. Your legs are legs and not wheels. Mr. Priestley has given voice to a pregnant reality, even though one could imagine the thing described to better effect. In fact (since vanity in a masque is permissible like folly in cap and bells) this reviewer, in the impersonal safety of his anonymity, takes the liberty to remark that the above is better writing than Mr. Priestley's for an essay on that subject.

THE STUDENT LIFE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By SIR WILLIAM OSLER. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.

This little volume contains four addresses delivered by Dr. Osler before university audiences, all of them familiar but none the less welcome in this form. The understanding and sympathetic vision, the wealth of literary learning, and the noble outlook of the "Beloved Physician" to which the appreciative Foreword by H. H. Bashford attests, are all manifest in the essays here presented.

ADVENTURES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by H. C. SCHWEIKERT, REWEY BELL INGLIS, ALICE CECILIA COOPER, MARION A. STURDEVANT, and WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT. Harcourt, Brace. 1931. $2.20.

This is an elaborate collection of selections from English literature for school classroom use, with a brief history of English literature from the earliest times to the present written by Mr. Benét.

ON THE MINOR PROPHECIES OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By EMILY S. HAMBLEN. Dutton. 1930. $5.

This book with an interesting introductory characterization of Blake's importance by S. Foster Damon is an elaborate attempt at an explanation of Blake's prophecies. The growing importance of Blake, as Damon points out, is due not merely to the recognition of his artistic excellence, but also to the fact, now patent, that Blake's imagination embraced many of the problems which our interest in psychology has made modern in the deepest sense of the word.

Biography

YESTERDAY MORNING. By PARKER FILLMORE. Century. 1931. $2.

In this volume, which is evidently autobiographical, Mr. Fillmore turns back time in its course, presenting glimpses not only into the childhood and boyhood of his hero but into the past of Augustus's grandparents with half-spoken emotion, with the remembered suffering and joys of childhood, and the maturer comprehension of later life. Out of its pages start well-defined personalities and scenes and situations still charged with the emotion and drama of their actual occurrence. It is impossible to suppose that the book is drawn from anything but life.

JANE AUSTEN. By R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. Dutton. 1931. $3.

Mr. Johnson, who has long since acquired a high reputation as editor and biographer of Jane Austen, here again presents a portrayal and estimate of the greatest of English women novelists. His book covers her life, her family and circle, her work, and her appraisal by critics, and though containing little that is not familiar to readers of Mr. Johnson's earlier works is a volume worth the possessing. To those who are not conversant with the life of its heroine it can be recommended as an excellent means of viewing it from all angles.

Fiction

OLD FIRST. By LAWRENCE PERRY. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.50.

Lawrence Perry had an excellent idea when he planned to write a trilogy of American life, carrying one family through the changing scenes of the last three generations. There is decidedly a place for such a work. The flood of present-day biographies of national characters, from the Revolutionary to the World War, are crammed with accurate, ready-prepared local color for fictional background. Nowhere have the changes during this changeful period been more marked, more complete, than in America. Three volumes would be none too many to allot to such an undertaking. And if the author might avoid the Scylla and Charybdis of our national fiction, the too ironic, the too romantic, how delighted we should all be to move over "Buddenbrooks," "The Growth of the Soil," and "The Forsyte Saga" so that another family might find room on the epic shelf.

But one is forced to admit at the outset that "Old First" is not the initial volume for such a trilogy. Mr. Perry has concerned himself too much with his story, with the surface manners and morals of his picturesque characters of the Grant Administration period. He shows, and in an interesting way, what the people of the period were doing, but when it comes to the why of their actions there is a little click and one feels that Mr. Perry is viewing yesterday too much in the light of today.

The story in the first volume is romantically concerned with a young girl and her two lovers. Placed, as they are, far enough away from us not to be too distinct, there is glamour and drama in these characters, even if they do at times lack reality. There is something rather charming in the very expectedness of these people. Old friends from old novels. The young girl, beautiful, intelligent, drawn toward each of her suitors, questioning a little the conventions of her own time and troubled, in the days when Darwin was a new menace, by vague religious doubts; the fascinating young black sheep reformed through the making of a promise to devote himself to God in return for the sparing of his life, and, once reformed, putting to shame by his zeal the ninety and nine who had never gone astray; and the wealthy young man, neither as bad nor as good as his rival but endowed with a worldly charm, nevertheless;—one is interested enough in these people and in the panorama before which they play their little parts to be glad to know that they will be taken further on their way in a second volume. Perhaps as Mr. Perry approaches a more realistic age he will temper his attitude a little, and his men and women may grow out of their romanticism into life.

TUNNEL HILL. By HARLAN HATCHER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.50.

Harlan Hatcher, who won the *Saturday Review's* "Thirty and Under" contest with his essay, "As a Man Thinketh," has here written an unusually good first novel. It is a picture rather than a story, presenting life among the brick-molders in a little town on the Ohio. There is a central character to hold the book together, a boy whom we see first at fifteen, lying about his age to get a job, and follow through his experiences—but the interest is in the life of the brick-molders as a class. We are shown all the aspects of that life, the straining toil, the animal pleasures, the gross jollity, the oc-

(*Continued on page 869*)

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—*Philip Hale,* The Boston Herald.

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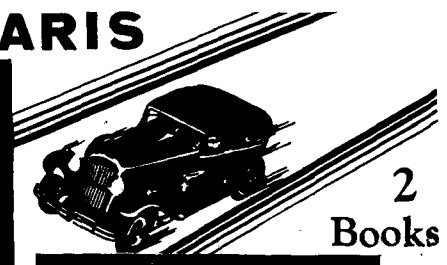

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Which sometimes come unbidden,
A light thought,
A slight thought,
Which will hover, touch and pass—
Could even a princess forget her childhood cinders,
Could even a princess forget that slippered glass?
Sometimes in the royal bed
Under silk and eiderdown,
With a prince to share her pillow and a canopy of gold,
Did she not waken,
Whimpering and frightened,
Her soft cheek whitened,
Her warm body cold?
Dreaming once again she was dancing, she was dancing,
While the row of old musicians almost forgot to play,
And the ladies by the wall waved mighty plumes in envy,
And the prince's eyes said more than the prince's lips could say?—
And then
Suddenly
The striking of the clocks in the palace
In and out of the music,
Like silver notes of doom,
And a heart in an instant stricken very small with panic
And a changing lady running from an endless lighted room!
Could she ever forget,
Even as a princess,
How shame and degradation
And panic flight may feel?
And the tinkle of the glass, upon a marble pavement
As that loosened shining slipper
Fell from a naked heel?

Reviews

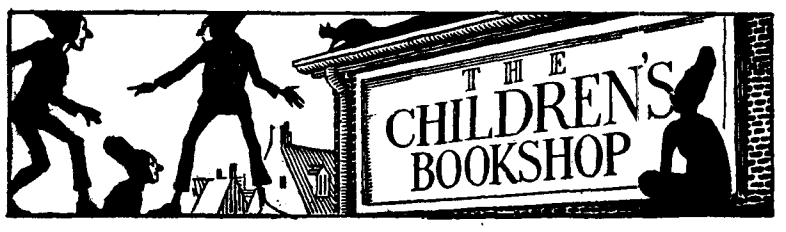
THE TERRIBLE NUISANCE, AND OTHER TALES. Written and illustrated by PEGGY BACON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

OF all Peggy Bacon's books none has seemed so truly for children as this last, "The Terrible Nuisance." Many persons will remember the sense of delighted discovery with which, a few years ago, they opened "The Lion-Hearted Kitten" and "Mercy and the Mouse." Grown-ups revelled in the originality and the Puckish quality of both text and pictures but there were faint murmurs audible even then, at the very start. This was all very clever and amusing, but did children enjoy it? For with the cleverness went a bite, a slightly acid touch, that is not the quality commonly found in the favorite books of children.

Take Mercy, for instance—the author's greatest creation. She really is a most unmoral cat, so frightfully astute that one breaths a sigh of relief to find her overreached if for only once in her lifetime by the mother Minnow. Is she an example for the young? or is the Lion-Hearted Kitten who extricates himself from every tight fix by methods not always above reproach? They live by their wits, these small cats and turtles and snakes and minnows, self-seekers one and all. As a sauce a dash of worldly wisdom is salutary and refreshing, an undeniably good preparation for life and its pitfalls. See how the pithy Aesop has lasted all these years! But a whole beakerful makes a long, long drink, tasting a little bitter in the bottom of the glass. A wry smile is all very well on the face of a grown-up. Heaven knows he needs it as self-armor. But not on a child's.

Something will be found missing in the pictures in "The Terrible Nuisance" by those who had a good time with the earlier books and with the amusing and unforgetable illustrations for "New Songs and New Voices" by the same artist. A few of them, notably the picture of the general store, the country school, and the balloon man at the fair, have all the charm of her best work, but the small sketches are very slight, and a few are downright commonplace and add little to the book pictorially. There is compensation, nevertheless, in the thought that the book will be better liked by children probably than the others. In it are chronicled the simple happenings in the lives of the Avon children who live in an old white house in a country village. They have something which still ranks as about the luckiest thing in the world for children—satisfactory parents, who leave them alone enough and yet are there to have fun with when needed. In fact the outstanding point in the description of Father is that he does not have to take a train to business every morning but works at his



Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

sculpture in an orchard studio where he can be got at in the late afternoon for games and such, while of Mother we are told simply: "Nor was there anything wrong with Mother. She was perfectly all right and not in the least bit nervous."

With proper parents, plenty of pets, with school and games and vacations, a country child's happiness is pretty secure, and out of these simple materials Peggy Bacon has managed to make a book which, though slight, conveys a sense of the passage of time and of slow and happy growth that is a little unusual in a book about American children of today. It makes the life portrayed in Abbott's "Franconia Stories" and in Miss Alcott's "Jack and Jill" seem not so hopelessly a thing of the past as we had begun to think. Still more are we reminded of some of the books about English children, books like Mrs. Nesbit's and E. V. Lucas's "The Slowcoach" and "Anne's Terrible Good Nature." The resemblance lies, more than in subject matter or happenings, in the relation of the children to the life of the adults surrounding them, the sense of the detachment of their lives, running along in the same general channel, it is true, but between banks of its own, with a different landscape on the shores, a world where the trees are taller and the brooks swifter, where something delightful may happen around the next bend of the river at any moment, a world where the grown-ups exert a benevolent surveillance when food and bedtime come around but where the real people are the other children and the guinea pigs and the dogs and rabbits and ponies, and only at moments does the consciousness of an outside world intrude.

That there are engaging touches of humor in the stories goes without saying. Possibly the most delightful one is about Juliana who had marked with her eye in the store a necktie which seemed just right for Father (green flowers on a crimson ground, with black polka dots) but who had imprudently spent all her allowance, forgetful of the imminence of the birthday. She earns money by weeding a garden and finding a lost kitten but she also copes with a moral issue, solving it with entire honor. The children are very real in these stories. Does not every one recognize Benjy? "Benjy had never seen guinea-pigs before, and it was 'Oh, the guinea-pigs!' and 'Ah, the guinea-pigs!' His relatives had pried him from the pen with difficulty." You have the complete picture.

KNIGHTS, GOATS, AND BATTLESHIPS. By TERRY STRICKLAND COLT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MERRIAM SHERWOOD

THIS book, which tells of the way of life and of the adventures of Zeppu, the small son of a farmer on the Island of Malta, has the advantage of having been written by a person very intimately acquainted with the place and the people whereof she writes. The illustrator also has visited the scenes she has painted. Thus the book as a whole gives the reader that satisfying feeling of learning things at first-hand which constitutes half the charm of reading about far away places.

In the course of the story we learn not only about the antiquities on that romantic island, around which hangs the glamor of Saracens and crusading Christian knights, but we are introduced besides, in more intimate fashion, to the life of the present-day Maltese. We go with Zeppu through the daily round of duties on his father's farm. We are told what sort of house he lives in and what sort of food he eats. The work day and the holiday costumes of the people of Malta are described. The towns are not left out; nor are the local customs and festivals. And all the time, around this picturesque provincial life, the British battleships and submarines hover in the surrounding sea, incongruously.

A great deal of information is thus woven into the story. In fact, the story is the least interesting part of the book. One almost wishes, as one reads, that the story had been left out and that the information had been given straight, in a forthright manner. Perhaps a child would feel otherwise and would prefer his reading sugar-coated. But there is nothing unpalatable about the facts set forth in this book—quite the contrary—and there seems to me to be no good reason for dressing them up in a story which I should think any child would feel was invented merely to make him interested in the facts. Of course, stories of this sort *may* be so written that the information is part and parcel of the tale.

CAMPING AND SCOUTING LORE. By ATWOOD H. TOWNSEND. New York: Harpers. $3.

Reviewed by A. E. HAMILTON

THIS book begins right by closing with a complete index. The index tests out well in the pages. The paragraphs are pithy and condensed. For a fat book of 372 pages, there is a minimum of waste words. It is crammed with facts about camping and scouting, with almost no padding of theory. The type is clearly readable, margins generous, binding stout, and paper excellent. All this is more than can be said of any book in its field which has thus far come into the hands of one who at least runs through, if he does not read, about everything printed about camping, scouting, and woodlore. Since Kephart set his high standard for texts there has been nothing better, and that was many years ago. Mr. Townsend has done for boys and girls what Kephart did for grown-ups, and has done it well.

Almost everything in the book is as apt for a girl to learn as a boy. And there is a section devoted to some of the special activities of Girl Scouts which is more than a gesture of courtesy. It includes the major activities that apply to girl camping and scouting as they relate to the general theme of the book. So, while written by an ex-tenderfoot Boy Scout, it is distinctively not for boys alone, but for their sisters, too.

The chapters by Julian Solomon introduce the best and most practical items of Indian lore and Indian craft without any of the exaggerated sentiment which Thompson Seton has endeavored to graft upon the youth of today.

The illustrations, in strong black and white lines, with little useless decoration, help out the text. Nearly all are easy to follow and understand. Those on star-lore are bad, but they usually are in nearly every book which tries to picture the heavens in ink. This can be forgiven in view of the careful and painstaking work that has made the text readable, understandable, and practically applicable to out-door life by any intelligent boy or girl or grown-up.

The book market is afflicted with too much hurried, half-baked, poorly printed, smudgily illustrated trash on camping and woodlore. It is a welcome pleasure to recommend Mr. Townsend's contribution as a distinctive addition to the small number of first-rate books as yet available for the outdoorsman's library.

SLEEPY STEVE. By JOSEF BERGER. Illustrated by DOROTHY GAY THOMAS. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLEN CHAFFEE

MR. BERGER'S book takes its name from a clown who could make "the face of a green apple eater and of a runaway horse," "the face of a cyclone and of a person getting sleepy." After small Bib and Bettie had seen their first circus in the big field, Steve materializes from behind the scarecrow in the cornfield, walking like a pair of rusty scissors, and "he often wasn't sure whether it was past bedtime and he was only dreaming." At any rate, he declares, "I never saw a farm in my life that didn't have a circus on it." The story that follows is just what two little folk on a Kansas farm might do in the "Let's play" spirit.

Small children who know farm life will get a lot of entertainment out of the book, though city children may find themselves rather at sea about wind-mills and what-not. One wishes there had been occasional touches of the repetition and sound effects beloved of the kindergarten age, but the midlands farm is real. The style will prove sufficiently simple for those to whom the book will be read aloud, though second and third graders would be floored by passages like "the hippopotomus and the hippopotogotolotomus! Don't miss the riproaring . . . snipsnapping, scowling lions." One regrets that the illustrations are all in black and white, save that of the paper folder. But the "let's play" spirit of the book is sympathetically presented.

TROTT: And His Little Sister. By ANDRÉ LICHTENBERG. New York: Viking Press. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THE book of the little Monsieur Trott was first published in France over thirty years ago, and since that time, we are told, over 250,000 Frenchmen have read his story. And we can believe it. Here is a different little boy in fiction. His formality of manners, his innately rational outlook on life, and his quaint and constant consideration of others—these things mark him off from the young Americans who have achieved immortality in our literature. A little boy in our country as mannerly and as thoughtful as Trott would be a prig. Which is just what Trott is not. He behaves as he does from two motives: first, because he has pondered upon the situation at hand and decided upon the reasonable thing to do, or, and there is infinite tolerance in this, he obeys the dictates of his elders, which may or may not be based upon reason, because it is *comme il faut* to do so, not because he actually accepts the implied good as such.

If all this makes Trott seem a "little old man," as the saying goes, then a grave injustice has been done him. He is the most natural of boys, and the reader never forgets it. He is radiantly active from morning till night. All the words that fit Trott are miserably shop-worn. Quaint, lovable, charming, he is all these things and as fresh and spontaneous as any real or printed little boy ever was.

And the terrible, the engrossing, the absorbing Mademoiselle Lucette, the brand-new baby sister of Trott! Here's character, the supreme egoist, the eternal tyrant. The family bows before her as before the irresistible force. They stand entranced before her first efforts to sit up, they stand besprinkled with gruel before their own first efforts to feed her from a spoon. The calm of the family before her advent is shattered. She insults and assaults whomever she finds irritating. But she eats her cake and has it, too, for treat people as she will they cannot resist her fatal charm, not even Trott who so resents her peculiar habits of personal hygiene.

Two hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong. Trott and Lucette are made of flesh and blood; no sawdust or platitudes for stuffing here!

HIS EXCELLENCY AND PETER. By THEODORE ACLAND HARPER and WINIFRED HARPER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MALCOLM DAVIS

BOYS who enjoy reading about other countries should like this book. It is a story of Siberia before the war and revolution, when Governors wore uniforms and served the Czar. Russia was planning to extend the Trans-Siberian Railway along the Amur River eastward to the harbor of Vladivostok, and China was opposing this encirclement of her rich Manchurian wheat fields. In these circumstances of international plotting, there becomes involved young Peter, the son of Franz, a gold robber of the Siberian wastes. Peter is an inveterate foe of all officials. Yet, through the influence of an American who has befriended him, he becomes the loyal follower of a Russian government railway engineer. He is even reconciled to the engineer's chief, the Governor of Siberia, and agrees to guide the engineer through the wilderness of the forests that are familiar to him, on a surveying trip to map out the line of the new railway.

So Peter gets caught in the web of intrigue around the railway project. He finds himself matching wits with a Chinese spy masquerading as a trader, loses at first and later retrieves his loss, and in the end gains the faith and favor of his superiors which bring him an education and a hope for a useful career. He fights the battle of his class at a school for boys attended mostly by sons of noble or well-to-do families, and turns half-revolutionary in the process, but nevertheless aids in unmasking a Russian spy who is selling official secrets to the Chinese. Altogether his experiences are such as many boys would want to share all the way through to the end of the book; and with these they will get a clear picture of some of the conditions and ways in Russia before revolution set the stage for the Bolsheviks.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

H. L., New York, asks if a work on abnormal psychology was lately published by a Frenchman named Nicolle.

"PSYCHOPATHOLOGY," by J. E. Nicole, was recently published by Dodd, Mead. Other recent works on the subject are "Psychology, Normal and Abnormal," by J. W. Bridges (Appleton), for medical students beginning the subject, and "Introduction to Abnormal Psychology," by V. E. Fisher (Macmillan), which would do for the general reader.

G. L., San Francisco, Cal., is taking his wife and two children for an extended stay in France, during which the children (fifteen and five) will go to school.—A. C. R., Manston, Wis., accompanies a student at the Sorbonne and will live for a year in Paris. They ask for books in preparation.

"THE French at Home," by Philip Carr (Dial), is one of those greatly-to-be-desired books that make it possible for a mind at all capable of self-adjustment to adjust itself sympathetically to a new national environment. That is to say, one who reads this presentation of French traits, habits, ideals, and attitudes to life as it is lived in different classes of society in city and in country, will have at least a chance to see France as it should be seen by an outsider, not through a mist of misunderstanding. One reason why books about London are in general so much better than those about Paris is that in each case they are usually written by Londoners; but Mr. Carr, though an English newspaper man, presents his subject as if it were French, not as if it were foreign. The chapter on education will especially interest these inquirers. For G. L. there will be a special usefulness in Robert Gordon Anderson's "An American Family Abroad" (McBride), which is the daily, almost hourly, diary of a family of much the same make-up as this inquirer's (save that there are five in Mr. Anderson's outfit), who spend the year 1929-30 in the neighborhood of the Luxembourg Gardens, where the children are enrolled in various schools. The family, older and younger, lives for this year a life such as many honest Americans have found delicious in Paris in spite of a complete absence of either *higlif* or night-life. For the longer an honest American intends to stay in Paris the less likely he is to rush to resorts obligatory to tourists, who, like week-enders at the seaside, must in a few hours lay on a summer's coat of tan. I am reminded of a young couple who realized, on the eve of their return to the States after two happy working years, that they would be unable to convince their friends that they had been in Paris at all, and so, starting at Ciro's, spent their last forty-eight hours in the City of Light in intensive and progressive sightseeing and all the way over on shipboard in sleeping it off. Mr. Anderson enjoyed his year so well that he cannot bear to leave out anything from the record, and there is in consequence far too much in the book, but for one who is looking for up-to-date information about schools and housekeeping, about the little ways of life so great when you are living in a new city, and about the way in which this city and its ways may impress an impressionable American child, it will be a welcome assistant.

"French France," by Oliver Madox Ford (Appleton), should be on the list of anyone intending to make more than a brief stay, and could well be added to the equipment of any travel club or to the reading-list of a group studying French literature. Its emphasis is not on cities, but on the provinces, on the little cities whose charm he knows how to convey. C. E. Andrews's "The Innocents of Paris" (Appleton) is a book of studies of simple people who come out after dark. "Churches of France," by Dorothy Noyes Arms, with etchings and drawings by John Taylor Arms (Macmillan), is a large and truly sumptuous volume in which fifty-one aspects of famous churches and cathedrals—many of them unusual and deeply significant aspects—are used to illustrate a sympathetic study of the subject; it is a treasure either for an enthusiast on Gothic architecture or for a lover of leisurely travel. For the latter an especially pleasant book is "The Light-hearted Journey," by Anne Bosworth Greene (Century), whose "Dipper Hill" remains one of the best books ever written about the countryside of northern New England. In this new book the beloved daughter who figures in the earlier volumes is her mother's companion on a happy motor trip from Boulogne to the Italian border: no one should miss it who intends to motor in France or indeed anywhere on the Continent, neither should any mother miss it who dreams some day of traveling with her daughter. I have left out guide-books, believing that everyone must by this time have realized that a Blue Guide—for France the Blue Guides are better even than Baedeker—is taken for granted in a travelling equipment; one need not lug it about everywhere, but it will save nerve-strain if kept within reach. There is, however, a new guide-book to the "Cathedrals of France," by Helen W. Henderson (Houghton Mifflin), which may not as yet have come to the attention of these inquirers; it will serve as guide, friend, and even in a measure as philosopher for more than twenty famous cathedrals, large and small. Miss Henderson's other books have helped me so often in seeking out paintings and sculpture and her comment has been so sound and stimulating, that I was on the lookout for this book.

One of these inquirers asks also for London books, but in the interest of balance the rest of the travel must stand over till next week.

J. B. P., Williamstown, Mass., asks for a book on the rudiments of interior decorating.

I DARE not name a book whose publication date is earlier than 1930: the new manner is creeping up on us; most of us have introduced into our hitherto contented surroundings the one irreconcilable piece, the square-toed, defiant table or sleek, supine couch, that sets all the rest of the furniture to apologizing for itself. It takes a certain courage to resist that piece, but short of a complete revolution it must be done; my Wiener Werkstätte hangings held out for awhile against the rest of the furniture, but with true Viennese *Gemütlichkeit* have now come to terms with the chairs in my great-grandmother's wedding outfit. Yet if one has reached the point where he reaches for a book on house-furnishing, let him have a new book: "Modern Interiors," published by William Edwin Rudge; it will cost him twelve dollars, but think what it will save! Or he can get from the same house and for three dollars the 1931 number of the *Studio's* "Decorative Art," which comes out this month and will deal with buildings, interiors, furniture and fabrics, lighting and heating, pottery, glass and decoration, with hundreds of pictures, some in color.

G. L. C. Aliquippa, Pa., is deeply interested in Finland, its people, and especially its language, and so far has read "Seven Brothers," by Alexis Kivi (Coward-McCann), the "Kalevela" and "Midsummernight"; but can find nothing for the study of the language.

WHEN I lectured last month at the Grand Rapids, Michigan, Public Library I noticed that they were just completing the cataloguing and arrangement of a special Finnish collection, so naturally I referred this language inquiry to Samuel H. Ranck, the librarian. He says that a little book in their library would be just the thing: "A Finnish Grammar," by Clemens Niemi, published in Hancock, Michigan, in 1917, by the Finnish Book Concern. It is published now by the Caspar, Krueger, Dory Co., 454 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis., at $1.50. There are also the "Finnish Grammar" of Charles N. Eliot (Oxford University Press), and "Finnish Self-Taught," by A. Renfors (Caspar), whose second edition appeared in 1929.

In my opinion the most important book about Finland to appear for some time is "Finland; the Republic Furthest North," by Eugene Van Cleef (Ohio State University), which explains "the response of Finnish life to its geographic environment" and includes not only geographical, industrial, and historical information, but also discussions of literature, music, and art.

M. H. B., Greenville, Miss., is planning a club program for the year on French literature in English translation, and asks whether it should be general or take certain outstanding periods, and what books will help the students to choose from the richness of French literature.

WITH but a year to spend I would begin no further back than the Revolution or the opening of the nineteenth century, and keep to fiction. The latest book on the subject is "French Novelists and Ideas from the Revolution to Proust," by F. C. Green (Appleton), which will be useful not only in planning the reading course but as a companion to accompany it. The study club programs issued by the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., at fifty cents, now cover so much of the cosmos that I was not surprised to find one on "The French Novel in English Translation," by Urban T. Holmes, which should certainly be consulted by this committee; the arrangement is in fifteen lessons, from "Gil Blas" to Julien Green; with each lesson several novels accessible in translation are named and at the close there is a reference bibliography giving publishers and prices—a feature that will endear it to harassed program makers. Within North Carolina material for carrying out the program will be sent for a small fee, and even outside the State clubs can arrange to use such material. But as all the books it names are easy to get and well worth owning, most students will prefer to own them.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 867*)

casional bursts of uncivilized, emotional religion; it is all shown in a manner that carries complete conviction, and there is often a sickening power in the dispassionate recital of the more brutal incidents. It is especially commendable that Mr. Hatcher has resisted the temptation to make a false effect by showing the life as it would appear to a sensitive man compelled to lead it; he very justly shows it from the point of view of a boy who hates education and is eager to become a molder, and likes it well enough when he is. The most shocking episodes occur not because the characters are compelled to live as poor men, but because they enjoy living like brutes. Mr. Hatcher's only criticism is visited on the creation of idiots and drunkards.

This admirable clarity of view is, however, the cause of the only objection that can be made to the book, that of a want of significance. There is after all not much to be done with people who are moved only by the coarsest physical desires, with a little savage religion and savage humor. What can be done, Mr. Hatcher has done well; but it is a question whether his people are of sufficient interest in themselves to sustain the interest of a long book.

TAXI. By ALICE DUER MILLER. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

This collection of short stories has evidently been written to pattern—a stop gap for a half-hour's idleness; a good book to take along on a stupid journey; a pleasant sedative for those who still believe in fairies, or at least in fairy godmothers. There is no hint in its pages of the modern tendency toward an embarrassing frankness, no approach to the bittersweet realities of life. Here is a charming prince for every Cinderella, and a becoming and apparently painless oblivion for all ugly stepsisters.

The obvious superficiality of the book is redeemed by a gay and sprightly style and though the stories are of the bed-time type, we can be glad that they were written with distinction and charm. Only the "right" sort of people walk, or drive, or dance through these pages, not a cynic, nor a genius, among the lot of them; but they are bright and amusing if not quite believable. The first story in the book, "Taxi," is perhaps the best, the conventional light romance, though the next one, "The Gift of the Groom," shows more insight and offers a lot of pleasant spoofing.

Miscellaneous

ALL ABOUT NEW YORK. By RIAN JAMES. Day. 1931. $2.50.

Rian James has very cannily provided a companion volume for his justly popular "Dining in New York." The present book is described as an Intimate Guide and gives all sorts of interesting information which should be very welcome to Manhattan visitors. It is amazing the number of things Mr. James manages to crowd into his three hundred pages. All the usual information about where to go and what to see is here, brought very much up to the minute, but of still more interest are the hints on how to transport one's self hither and yon, what to do and what not to do if driving your own car, where to go if you like high places, what shops have what, how to tip (and it is a pleasure to record that Mr. James honestly explodes the old myth that New York waiters are rendered complacent by a ten per cent tip), and, believe it or not, a glossary of New Yorkese.

FRENCH À LA MODE. By E. E. PATTOU. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.

A useful *vade mecum*, presenting on facing pages French questions and answers and their English equivalent, and ranging in character from dialogues covering the conversational needs of the railroad station, restaurant, or dressmaking establishment to those likely to be useful around the gaming table, on the tennis courts, or in the streets.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A DELINQUENT CAREER. By CLIFFORD R. SHAW. Chicago University Press. 1931. $3.

This is the case history of Sidney, a typical, habitual criminal who gives his autobiography from early youth up. It is not only very interesting in itself but is made significant by the comments of the editors on factors of personality and environment revealed in the narrative.

THE HISTORICAL EVOLUTION OF MODERN NATIONALISM. By CARLTON J. HAYES. Richard R. Smith. 1931. $3.50.

This is a thoroughgoing study of the development of the spirit of nationalism from the 18th century through all the 19th century developments to the present situation. Its conclusion is that one at least of the chief factors of the nationalistic spirit today is the belief in the power for progress of the modern national state.

Travel

ADVENTURE UNDER SAPPHIRE SKIES. By CHARLES J. FINGER. Morrow. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Finger's chronicle of a motor trip through Southwestern America is a flavor-

(*Continued on next page*)

MEXICAN MAZE

By CARLETON BEALS

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WILL DURANT
"*. . the shameless worship of heroes*"

Five years ago this week *The Inner Sanctum* published *The Story of Philosophy*, of which 220,000 copies have already been sold at $5.00, and more than 300,000 copies at $1.00.

One week from to-day *The Inner Sanctum* publishes a new book by WILL DURANT, alluringly entitled *Adventures In Genius*.

"In an age that would level everything and reverence nothing," says DR. DURANT, "I take my stand with Victorian CARLYLE, and light my candles; like Mirandola before Plato's image, at the shrines of great men."

In *Adventures In Genius*, DR. DURANT discusses "the ten greatest thinkers" . . . "the ten greatest poets" . . . "one hundred best books for an education" . . . "adventures in contemporary philosophy" . . . "adventures in travel" . . . and "adventures in literature."

For five years *The Inner Sanctum* has used this column, not simply as a direct vehicle for hawking its wares, but as an open forum for proclaiming its faiths and aspirations, airing its indiscretions and soothing its disappointments. Prices and vulgar commercial details therefore rarely rear their head in this lofty place. This is a column, not a sales bulletin. BUT——

In order to celebrate the fifth anniversary of that far-famed book which "made philosophy live and dance and sing," Your Correspondents would frankly like to put into circulation as many copies as possible of *Adventures In Genius*. The cost is $4.00, and as a special gesture of appreciation to the followers of these weekly informal communiques, the first *Inner Sanctum* readers (*Come out, come out, wherever you are*) who send in their orders for *Adventures In Genius* (with the name of their regular booksellers) will receive (a) a personal inscription from WILL DURANT, (b) a first edition copy, (c) advance delivery a few days before publication date.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

JOHN MISTLETOE
by Christopher Morley

DOROTHY PARKER'S "Death and Taxes" will appear the middle of June from the Viking Press. It's a new volume of poems. Need one say more? . . .

Dale Warren recently wrote us a nice letter from England, in the course of which he remarked:

> Not even the House of Commons is safe from authors, for *John Buchan* and *Mary Agnes Hamilton* are M. P.'s, and *Harold Nicolson* appears to be headed in that direction. . . . Buchan has two novels on the stocks and also biographies of *Cromwell* and *Sir Walter Scott*. . . . Mrs. Hamilton will follow her "Three Against Fate" with "The House of Commons Murder." . . . The scene takes place during an all-night sitting, and the action is limited to twenty-four hours. . . . My friend and alter ego, *Dale Collins*, has just turned up from Australia. . . . Just at present he is busy taking a hand in the film version of his novel, "Rich and Strange," which is being undertaken at Elstree, with occasional shifts to the far East. *Denis Mackail*, whose "The Square Circle" is a BMC selection, has just finished its successor which will be called "David's Day." . . . Mackail lives in the old Carlyle section of Chelsea about two blocks from *Henrietta Leslie*, whose "Mrs. Fisher's War" has just been dramatized and is soon to go into rehearsal. . . . *Faith Compton Mackenzie* has just done a biography of *Christina* of Sweden. . . . *Phyllis Bottome* returns to England this month after several years in the Tyrol. *Maude Meagher*, the "white jade" lady, has been visiting *Florence Ayscough* in Vienna; *Havelock Ellis* is doing a book on French literature from *Rousseau* to *Proust*. . . .

We extend our felicitations to *Thomas Bucklin Wells* who retired from Harpers on May 18th and sails today (Saturday) for France where he plans to remain indefinitely. Mr. Wells has had a long and distinguished career with the Harper firm, where he proved of unusual value. In 1921 he reorganized the firm and liquidated its entire indebtedness, effecting a complete recapitalization. He declined to consider the presidency of the company, but served as chairman of the Board of Directors and chairman of the Executive Committee since 1925. He has also, of course, been editor-in-chief of Harper's Magazine. We wish him *bon voyage*. . . .

We are delighted to learn that our old friend and associate of *Evening Post* days, namely, *Cass Canfield*, has now attained the eminence of President of Harper's! Skoal! . . .

From the *H. W. Wilson Company's* "Living Authors" we learn that *Virginia Woolf* was christened Adeline Virginia, and that *James Russell Lowell*, no less, a devoted friend of the Stephen family, wrote a poem to celebrate the occasion. But the Adeline seems to have vanished without a trace. In America Mrs. Woolf would probably have been the recipient of much close harmony in her youth, owing to the fondness of American youth for the song, "Sweet Adeline." . . .

Last week-end we actually stood in *Emily Dickinson's* garden, in Amherst; and we saw the hill behind the house where she and *Helen Hunt Jackson* played as girls. We are still in a state of reverence and awe. . . .

Next season *Fannie Hurst* will have four of her works on the screen. Universal Pictures Corporation will present "Back Street," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "Five and Ten," RKO Productions a "super-special" original, and Columbia Pictures a dramatization of one of Miss Hurst's short stories. . . .

"Elizabeth" inhabits a series of enchanted cottages perched in unexpected places all over the world. One stands high above the Valley of the Rhone, between Swiss snows and forests. It is a little Hans Andersen house with eaves like eyebrows and blue painted shutters. Another, within an hour of London, was obviously the original dwelling of Red Riding Hood. It is all on the ground floor, with rows and rows of china plates lining the hall, so that any ordinary person's day would be punctuated by breakages. But "Elizabeth" comes out of a fairy tale. She is tiny and at home with delicate, meticulous things. She is like a Bronzino portrait in cramoisie velvet and dark fur, her wimple of ash-gold hair needing the pearls of the Renaissance; her small, cold hands hovering over a chess-board, as colorless as the ivory castles. . . .

Emil Ludwig, the celebrated German biographer, arrives here next Tuesday on the *Europa*. His latest "life" is of *Schliemann*, published by Little, Brown. . . .

Thornton W. Burgess lately finished his six thousandth Bedtime Story for the "tots," and it appeared in newspapers all over the country. For nineteen years his bedtime stories have received public attention. Well, America is certainly great on quantity production! . . .

Harper & Brothers are just bringing out *Wilkie Collins's* famous "The Moonstone" as one of the Harper Sealed Mystery series. They first published the story as a serial in *Harper's Weekly* in 1868. In 1873 Wilkie Collins gave readings in New York from his own works. *Whitelaw Reid* then welcomed him to the Lotus Club. . . .

Osbert Sitwell and *Margaret Barton* have made hay with the eminent Victorians in "Victoriana," to which *Max Beerbohm* has contributed a frontispiece in color. The book of short stories that you should be scanning the horizon for is *Stella Benson's* "Hope Against Hope." Then there's *Willa Cather's* novel, "Shadows on the Rock," coming in August, *Sacheverell Sitwell's* first volume of short stories, "Far From My Home," coming this next month, and we hear that *John Dos Passos* has now completed the second volume in a trilogy of which "The Forty-Second Parallel" was the first volume. *Peter Quennell*, who has already made his reputation as a poet, is getting out his own first novel, and has chosen for his title one that considerably flatters us. It is "Phœnix-Kind." . . .

Gamaliel Bradford has recommended the poetry of *Isabel Fiske Conant*, saying that he finds its charm chiefly in its "elusiveness" which is, after all, the supreme charm of life.

> The passions of life seem vast and real till we come to struggle with them, the hopes of life seem satisfying till we get our fingers on them, the achievements of life seem substantial till we look back on them. Then it all dissolves in a gray mist. But Mrs. Conant's poetry, with its delicate and evanescent grace, gives the gray mist a comforting tinge of rose.

The English Book Society has chosen for its August book *T. S. Stribling's* novel of the Civil War, "The Forge," the first volume of a cycle in which Mr. Stribling contemplates depicting the upheaval of a whole civilization. . . .

A national cigarette concern is spending one million dollars this year in order that one hundred million people may read what *Stanley Kidder Wilson* says anonymously about their product. Mr. Wilson submits, however, that one million people have not yet read his novel. "The Scream of the Doll" (Duffield & Green). And on the same day that a certain metropolitan magazine returned one of Mr. Wilson's short stories, they also ran in full color the first anonymous copy of the Million Dollar campaign! Mr. Wilson was Proudfit Fellow of Letters at Columbia University. . . .

Newman Levy's famous poem, "Thais," which originally appeared in *F. P. A.'s Conning Tower*, has, at the instigation of the poet and novelist, *Alexander Laing*, been printed for private circulation only by the Vermont Printing Company of Brattleboro, *E. H. Crane*, President, and a most delicious item they have made of it. The poem has also appeared in Mr. Levy's book of verse, "Opera Guyed," published by Alfred A. Knopf. . . .

Last February *J. R. Clemens* sent us the following epitaph by *Ben Jonson* which may be new to our readers. He says it is to be found in the Mss. report of papers belonging to *W. Brimley Davenport*. Mr. Clemens's address is 37 Gray Ave., Webster Groves, Missouri.

EPITAPH ON 'SELL BOULSTRED
By BEN JONSON

Stay, view this stone, and if thou beest not such,
Read here a little that thou may'st know much;
It covers first a Virgin, and then one
That durst be that in Court; a virtu' alone
To fill an Epitaph. But she had more,
She might have claym'd t' have made the Graces four,
Taught Pallas language, Cynthia modesty,
As fit to have increased the harmony
Of Spheares, as light as Starres; she was Earth's Eye,
The Sole religious house and Votary,
With rites not bound, but conscience. Would'st thou all?
She was 'Sell Boulstred. In which name I call
Up so much truth as could I here pursue
Might make the fable of Good Women true.

If we obeyed instinct, as the psychologists say we do, instead of reason (our pocketbook) and circumstance (this office), we would pack up the new books and be off to Burg Finstergruen, at Ramingstein (there was a picture of it once in the Bowling Green), a castle in Styria where good talk, good beer, good fishing all synchronize in the adorable Austrian Alps. There you look down through medieval grilles on blue water tumbling between fir forests, and in June and July especially—but why rub it in! They take paying guests, on invitation. If you're to be in Austria, say the Phœnician sent you. Next time we go, old Vincent will tell us how you liked it, while he is building the morning fire in our porcelain stove, and brushing the leather shorts we always wear when in our Austrian phase. Yes, a green hat, too—and a feather and a chamois tail in it. . . .

Salaam, aleikum!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The New Books
Travel

(*Continued from page* 869)

some narrative containing much description of countryside and place, but deriving its principal charm from the author's excursions into his own memories and information. One thing always evokes another in Mr. Finger's mind with the result that his book is much more than a literal record of travels. It is juicy with recollections and anecdote.

PIGS IN CLOVER. By FRANCES NOYES HART. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.50.

A vivacious and highly personal record of a motor trip through France. Mrs. Hart has transcribed with animation the scenes and emotions of her journey, and is able to impart to her readers something of the gusto with which she met experiences by the way.

If you haven't yet read WILLIAM FAULKNER'S amazing novel, Sanctuary, don't delay any longer!

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For Smaller and Thinner Books

THE announcement of an English publisher that in future he would issue books printed on thinner paper, in order to reduce the bulk, has been noted with interest amongst readers. It should not be assumed that this means all it appears to mean, because for some years the English publishers have greatly offended by issuing bulky volumes on esparto paper which were disagreeably gross in appearance, and difficult to handle. American publishers have never used esparto paper to any extent, despite its light weight, because it is difficult to print on over here, so that these queer bulky books from England have not been imitated. But even so, the paper mills have made an atrocious paper called "high bulking," in an effort to give the publisher something with which he could distort a medium-sized volume into the appearance of bigness and importance.

Of course it is obvious that the particular weight of paper used in a book should be that which will produce the best proportioned volume, regardless of the price of the book. If due regard were paid in every case to the weight of paper which would best meet this requirement, I think there would seldom be any quarrel with the thickness or thinness—and I cannot see that the exigencies or fancied exigencies of the bookstore should have anything to do with this. In fact, the bookstore ought to welcome a shrinkage in sizes generally, as well as more variety in shapes. There is nothing quite so dispiriting as a counter of new fiction, all exactly 5¼ x 7¾ inches in size, 1½ inches thick, and precisely three hundred pages long! And each with a jacket more extraordinary than the next. (It is not my place here to remark on the equal standardization of the *contents*—though to save time and ennui in reading detective stories I find that if I read the first chapter and the last I get the cast of characters and the *dénouement*, all that matters!)

The reasons for finding fault with thick books and sprawly books is that they take up too much room in crowded book shelves, are hard to handle, and are usually in bad taste. Very thin books are as bad as very thick ones, of course, because there is not room for the title on the back, and they get lost on the shelf. The book designer's job is to make a volume thick enough to carry the title and to have a correctly proportioned thickness to height and width: thin enough to be easily handled and comfortably housed on the shelf. Incompetency in the designer or demands of the sales force ought not to be permitted to interfere with this result.

I suspect that the salesman's desire for an imposing volume is responsible for the very large tomes (that is the only word) which have appeared too frequently during the past few years. But such books are not welcomed by book lovers, as a recent letter will attest:

> May I enlist your sympathy, and your support perhaps, in opposition to the present vogue among makers of "fine books" in the production of volumes larger than octavo size. The many presses which solicit the attention and dollars of the book-enjoying public are now putting out a quantity of quartos, folios, and the like, which promise to be no more reasonable than the "table books" of a scoffed-at past.
>
> Certain few books *justify* a large format, but even these do not demand it. One can excuse a Froissart, a Chaucer, a Dante, a St. Augustine, in folio, but what excuse can there be for "The Heathen Chinee" in bill-board size? Such books are pure ostentation.
>
> After all, no one has printed books so dear to the literate book-buyer as did Pickering—who made volumes to handle, to gaze at, and, best of all, to read. We do not want imitation Pickerings, but surely his pattern is better for most ends than that of Morris. Isn't it time that "fine" printers became sufficiently civilized to stop printing at the top of their lungs?
>
> (A. E. H.)

With the gist of that letter I am heartily in sympathy: and the gist of it is in the last sentence. The fact apparently is that printers are not civilized . . . have not, that is, the sense of the fitness of things which should govern the craftsman. I am perfectly sure, however, that, even if the printers aren't always civilized, what has produced the unwieldy book is the pernicious influence of the market place, the desire to dazzle the eye, and to flatter the vanity of the possible purchaser. The early printed books were issued to fill a demand from people who really wanted the books—as a general rule. Now the book publisher prints books which he hopes to sell by intriguing the public to buy—as a general rule. The world's economic system has got into a frightful snarl because of an enormous overproduction for a hypothetical market—a production of meretriciously attractive junk. Production to meet an honest demand is legitimate, and results in excellent products: production for disposal to a clientèle stimulated by high-pressure salesmanship is false in ethical concept, and results in inferior and flashy goods—whether automobiles or books! If that be treason. . . .

But at all events, a little concerted action on the part of publishers might mitigate some of the more glaring evils. It might even be possible to enter into a gentlemen's agreement with English publishers—they to forego the use of excessively thick esparto paper, we to abandon our "uncivilized" quartos and folios. R.

The exhibition of books and autographs owned by undergraduates of Yale which closed the twenty-third of May was interesting chiefly of an indication of the kind of material collected by the younger generation. There were a few of the more obvious books—signed, limited editions of modern writers and selections from some of the more popular authors of the last century—but on the whole, the exhibition showed intelligence and a certain desire to get away from the expected. There were a series of French and German manuscript pages on vellum, illustrating different types of writing from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries; a large and rather remarkable group of Fielding pamphlets and novels; several volumes of Horace Walpole; William Godwin's copy of Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population"; a superb collection of books with colored plates by Rowlandson which included the apparently unique "Old English Squire" by John Careless," London, 1821, and the "Etchings of Landscapes from Scenes in Cornwall," London, 1817; and autograph letters and documents signed by everyone from Michelangelo, Napoleon, and Louis XIV, to Julia Ward Howe and Theadore Dreiser. It was impossible not to be impressed by such a display.

G. M. T.

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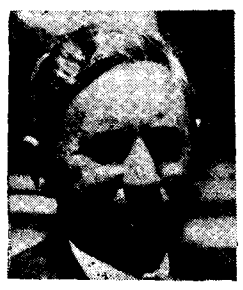

IN a day when the old faiths are crumbling, Will Durant invites his readers to share a devotion that has outlived the centuries, a reverence in which he finds again the lost radiance of youth—"the shameless worship of heroes."

Will Durant's new book is called *Adventures in Genius*. In it he carries on that exuberant rediscovery of the great monarchs of the mind which made *The Story of Philosophy* a volume read by perhaps two million persons.

A New Vision of History

'I see history," says Will Durant, "not as a dreary scene of politics and carnage, but as the struggle of man, through genius, with the obdurate inertia of matter and the baffling mystery of mind; the struggle to understand, control and remake himself and the world.

"I see men standing on the edge of knowledge, and holding the light a little further ahead; men carving marble into forms ennobling men; men moulding peoples into better instruments of greatness; men making a language of music and music out of language; men dreaming of finer lives and living them."

Who Are the Great?

But where shall we find time, in a busy world, to seek out the mightiest thinkers, the most inspired poets for this Carlylean hero-worship?

In *Adventures in Genius* Dr. Durant helps his readers look for genius, and having recognized it in a few of the truly great, to know it wherever it may appear.

He indicates the ten men he considers to be the "greatest" thinkers—the ten "greatest" poets—and gives in the clearest of terms his own reasons for their selection.

Shall Aristotle be excluded because it is claimed his ideas sprung from Plato? Was Voltaire a mighty intellect, or merely a devastating wit? Who, in this Olympian company, made the *greatest* contribution to the release of man's mind? Copernicus, proclaiming a new heaven? Bacon, correlating all knowledge? Darwin, reshaping the world with the first secrets of man's origins?

It is a fascinating speculation which discovers for us new standards, new reasons for recognizing the rare man of genius. How much of "modern criticism" becomes petty when set beside this simple discussion of the truly great! How much easier it is to evaluate, fairly and with perspective, the latest "year's masterpiece" in the light of these heroes of the intellect who endure through the years!

Lost—An Education?

"Perhaps you are a college graduate, and are ready, then, to begin your education."

Thus Dr. Durant in the introduction to his now celebrated essay on *One Hundred Best Books for an Education*.

"Perhaps you have never had a chance to go to college, and have considered what else our children learn there except the latest morals. They might learn many fine things if they came to it old enough; but our youngsters take so long to grow up in these complex days that they are too immature, when they enter college, to absorb or understand the treasures offered them there so lavishly.

"If you have studied with life rather than with courses, it may be as well; the rough tutelage of reality has ripened you into some readiness to know great men."

If *Adventures in Genius* held nothing more than this chapter, it would be a book to treasure. In it, all the scholarship and skill in exposition which have made Dr. Durant's name known to millions are turned to a prodigious task—the animation, the clarifying, the integration of man's knowledge into a form alluring and accessible to the lay reader. This is no list for the casual reader. It is a carefully prepared and annotated four-years' course of reading in the "best that has been said and thought in the world." Never before has such an opportunity been given to supplement a "lost" education, or to build from the beginning that only education worth having—close acquaintanceship with the great men of all time.

What of the Moderns?

Dr. Durant devotes a large portion of his book, *Adventures in Genius*, to six studies, three of which, on Spengler, Keyserling and Bertrand Russell, might be considered as further chapters for *The Story of Philosophy*. In these living men he finds, again, the note of genius, and clearly defines the essential qualities of their greatness. Three literary "admirations" follow—essays on Flaubert, Anatole France, and John Cowper Powys, "a strange and unheralded Plato from the remoter lanes of the City of God."

Included in the book are several of Dr. Durant's most distinguished writings on current topics, revealing an attitude refreshed by his recent travels in the Orient. He concludes with a heartfelt plea for confidence in the power of American education "to preserve the poet and the artist, as well as the scientist and the man of affairs, that lie potential in every soul."

Published This Week

Adventures in Genius has been in the bookstores only two days. If you have not visited your bookseller since Thursday, stop in today and ask for "the new book by Will Durant" or write directly to the publishers, at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, for a copy. The price is $4.00. Read the short Introduction, and experience again the charm of the author's style, his luminous exposition, his wisdom animated by wit, and accept his inspiring invitation "to light your candles at the shrines of great men."

Among the men of genius discussed by* WILL DURANT *in this new book are:

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One Hundred Best Books for an Education

In this celebrated essay WILL DURANT discusses the world's greatest writers, including

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Among the contemporary "monarchs of the mind" discussed by* WILL DURANT *are:

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